Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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UPHOLD THE PRESIDENT

DISARMAMENT THE GOAL

BY THE EDITOR

"Stand to our work and be wise—
Certain of sword and pen,
We are neither children nor gods,
But men in a world of men."

FIVE weeks hence the citizens of the United States will pass judgment upon the National Administration. That the Democrats will retain control of the Senate is a virtual certainty; the verdict, therefore, will be rendered through the election of members of the House of Representatives. That the great majority of 147 obtained by the successful party in 1912 in consequence of division of the opposition will be reduced materially must be anticipated. The Republican party has recovered from the shock of defeat and the Progressives have disintegrated to such an extent that they will wield no decisive influence as a unified force. A large majority of the seceders who followed Mr. Roosevelt undoubtedly will renew their former allegiance, but a considerable percentage may be expected to support Democratic candidates. Sufficient time has not yet elapsed, on the one hand, to quench wholly the fires of animosity engendered two years ago, while, on the other, the President has come to loom before thousands of sincere and conscien-

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tious minds as larger, more real, more stable, and more effective than Mr. Roosevelt ever was or could now, after months of futile and belittling striving among factions within a faction, hope to become.

But it is not our purpose at this time to essay prediction or indulge in speculation. The essential fact is that the election of a Republican House would spell repudiation of the Administration, while the return of a Democratic majority, however greatly reduced, would signalize the most striking personal triumph of any President since Andrew Jackson overwhelmed the opposition in 1832. Now, as then, the issue is not a party, but a personality, so completely has Mr. Wilson by sheer force of intellectual vigor and unsurpassed power of resolution dominated the political aggregation which even to-day, after two years of full authority, can hardly be designated, in comparison with the Republican phalanx in the fullness of its strength, as an organization. The one question, then, which American citizens must answer at the polls in November is this:

Has President Wilson kept the faith?

If so, refusal to accord him a vote of approval and confidence would be unworthy of the American people—a reflection not upon their President, but upon themselves. Happily, unlike in 1906, the expression will not be that of emotionalism inspired by personal idolatry, but one of calm, sober judgment based upon discriminative consideration of actual value to the commonwealth of public service rendered by a chosen magistrate. From that viewpoint, looking to the future, it is necessary in this time of unprecedented peril throughout the world to take a survey of conditions prevailing in both Europe and the Far East, but, even so, attention must be given to the successes and failures of domestic administration if a true balance is to be struck. A brief review will suffice.

TARIFF REFORM

The leading declaration of the Democratic platform reiterated emphatically and unequivocally as a "fundamental principle" of the party "that the Federal government under the Constitution has no right or power to impose or collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue," but the candidate wisely refrained from committing himself to a proposition so difficult, in the light of precedent and prac-

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tice, to sustain. While not admitting, he did not deny, the power of the Government to impose duties for the encouragement and protection of domestic industries. What he objected to was the utilization of such authority, whether strictly constitutional or not, as a means, not of "setting up an equitable system of protection," but of "fostering special privilege." Upon that solid ground he took his stand and promised "immediate revision, downward, unhesitatingly and steadily downward." The pledge was fulfilled so promptly and so effectually that the tariff can hardly be reckoned an issue in the present Congressional campaign. So far, at any rate, no responsible Republican leader has had the hardihood to raise it, and none, if prudent, will do so. That changes in tariff duties will be made from time to time to conform to varying conditions is a simple matter of course, but there will be no more revisions upward.

The country knew what it was doing when it reinstated the Democratic party. It was decreeing more than a mere lowering of duties; it was adopting a fixed policy correctly interpreted by the candidate as "steadily" downward. The enactment of another general Tariff Bill in many years to come, if indeed ever, is unlikely. Now that the general rule of cautious but undeviating reduction has been established, there remains no reason for continuing purely economic adjustments within the scope of partisan politics. That the President has in mind the creation of machinery to that end seems to be apparent and there need be no anticipation that he will be deterred from his purpose by the claim of origination loudly heralded by the leader of what is left of the Progressive party. In this instance, as in many another, the difference in motive and attitude between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson is distinct. The former espouses a new plan to evade an old issue; the latter adopts it for its inherent merit.

Of the technical quality of the Tariff Bill finally enacted it suffices to say that it satisfies the promise. While agreeing with Mr. Underwood and disagreeing with the President as to the advisability of removing the duties upon sugar, we cannot gainsay that Mr. Wilson's insistence was in strict accord with innumerable specific declarations of his party and with his own laudable determination to shift the burdens of taxation, so far as can be equitably done, from the backs of the toilers to the shoulders of those better able to bear

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them without discomfort. Herein, then, we find no ground for criticism from intelligent and far-seeing citizens who realize that the shameful injustices and inequalities which were fostered by a greedy and arrogant Republican oligarchy must be eliminated if the Republic is to endure.

Of the Income Tax it need only perhaps be said that it was no less essential as a corrective than tariff reductions; was necessary; was inevitable; is just. A cumbersome measure susceptible of improvement such as will be demonstrated in practice, no doubt! In theory, too, it is fallacious in its most highly lauded provision of "taxing at the source." This method, savoring as it does of the indirection which characterized excessive tariff taxation, not only approaches far too closely the vicious system of the past which permitted the mulcting of the people without their knowledge, but in large measure defeats the primary purpose of such legislation to inculcate in the minds of voters the pressing need of economy in government. If the facts could be ascertained, moreover, we have little doubt that much of the disappointment at the sums realized is attributable to this defect. But simplification will ensue in time as a consequence of experience; of that we may be certain.

Meanwhile, no meed of credit should be withheld from the Administration for the revolution it has worked in the principle of taxation, to the continuing and increasing relief of the struggling poor. To our mind, no words of the President have been more worthy or becoming than those simple ones in which he voiced the realization of a lifelong aspiration shared, as he intimated, by thousands of others who were bred in the belief that common humanity is an essential element of intelligent patriotism.

"I have had the accomplishment of something like this at heart," he said, when he signed the Bill, "ever since I was a boy, and I know men standing around me who can say the same thing—who have been waiting to see the things done which it was necessary to do in order that there might be justice in the United States."

To that we say, Amen! In his first great test, President Wilson kept the faith.

CURRENCY REFORM

The oddly haphazard and positively hidebound banking system of the United States was conceded universally to be

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antiquated and ill adapted to public needs a full dozen of years ago. To the restrictions imposed by it more than to any other one cause was due the lamentable panic of 1907, whose consequences might easily have been direful beyond computation but for the energy manifested at the crucial moment by individuals under the truly patriotic lead of Mr. Morgan. The mere fact that a condition thus dependent for relief upon unofficial succor could exist in a country of abundant resources was more than disconcerting; it was so startling that the leaders of the Republican party in Congress undertook reformation with commendable promptitude and painstaking thoroughness. Surely the day will come, if indeed it is not already here, when due credit will be accorded Senator Aldrich for his untiring endeavors which fructified, strangely enough, under a Democratic Administration.

But nothing was accomplished; legislative performance by a political organization which was under private control and public suspicion was impossible; co-operation of clique and community was simply unattainable. It was a situation which might readily have feazed one who, like Mr. Wilson, could not assume to possess exceptional knowledge of the many intricate problems pertaining to National, State, commercial, and personal finance. But he could not fail to recognize the existence of a fact which constituted a positive menace, and, to his honor be it said, he grappled what must have seemed to be an enigma with no less hesitation or resolution than in his callow days he must have undertaken the solution of a problem in Euclid. That he succeeded eventually is now generally conceded—a notable achievement surely in itself, but rendered greater to our mind by the open-minded readiness with which he accepted from sources theretofore distrusted suggestions of obvious improvement upon the quite hopeless statute first submitted to the House of Representatives. The very fact that the new law bears little resemblance to the original so-called Administration Bill is a compliment, not a discredit, to a President who in this instance at least proved himself willing to profit from common counsel.

True it is that the measure has yet to justify itself through prudent administration, but there can be no question that the binding cords which fettered our currency and which the Republican party was incapable of severing have

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been cut; that ample safeguards against undue inflation are provided for exercise by a competent Reserve Board; that inducements to use rather than to hoard capital are multiplied; that insensate panics can never again possess the people; and, best of all, that the power of cure lies, not in individuals susceptible to caprice or hope of personal gain, but in the government of the Nation responsible to all.

Tariff reform was a party obligation definitely presaged by the Democratic House under the leadership of Speaker Clark and Mr. Underwood. Currency reform is President Wilson's own accomplishment, and, in our judgment, considering the vagaries within his own party and the obstacles raised from without no less than the illimitable benefits certain to accrue, it is the most signal achievement in the interest of the whole people of any President since Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

Again we say, President Wilson kept the faith when hardly another would have been so redoubtable as to essay the undertaking.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE TRUSTS

Whether or not the anti-trust legislation demanded by the President will prove beneficial or only confusing is a matter of conjecture, but there can be no doubt of the breadth and effectiveness of the Administration's methods of compelling interstate corporations to comply with both letter and spirit of the law. There has been no beating of tom-toms such as characterized the sheer antagonism of Mr. Roosevelt, and there has been a marked improvement upon the course pursued under Mr. Taft. In the face of no little clamor from his own party's organs, the President has steadfastly sustained the Department of Justice in its earnest endeavors to right wrongs without wrecking properties. No less commendable than its firm insistence upon law observance has been its fair consideration of the difficulties confronting those managers of corporations who sought only the way to conform to statute requirements.

The settlements effected in the Pacific Railways, Telephone, and New Haven cases afford ample demonstration of Mr. Wilson's sincerity in declaring at the outset that the attitude of his Administration toward large as well as small business interests would be one of active co-operation rather than of demagogic hostility. By his acts, if not so

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clearly by his words preliminary to his great undertaking, the President has shown adequate appreciation of the necessity of relieving industry and commerce from the purely wanton assaults which had come to be regarded by many politicians as essential to partisan advantage. If, as may safely be assumed, the new Attorney-General shall follow faithfully the clear course marked by his predecessor, no just cause for complaint or reason for change in administration can be found on the part either of the public or of those most directly concerned.

GOVERNMENTAL EXTRAVAGANCE

The Democratic platform demanded "a return to that simplicity and economy which benefits a democratic government, and a reduction in the number of useless offices, the salaries of which drain the substance of the people." This pledge has not been kept. The appropriations of the present Congress aggregate the enormous sum of $1,089,408,777, the largest ever recorded, exceeding even that of the preceding Congress by more than thirty millions. No "useless offices" have been abolished, and the "drain upon the substance of the people" is greatest at the very time when the effect of reduced profits and incomes is most severely felt.

Primarily, the blame for wastefulness so gross and deliberate as to constitute flagrant violation of a positive pledge must attach to the House of Representatives, which brazenly ignored the repeated admonitions of Chairman Fitzgerald, who finally in despair made this abject confession:

> I am looking now at Democrats who seem to take amusement in soliciting votes on the floor of the House to overturn the Committee on Appropriations in its efforts to carry out the pledges of the Democratic platform. They seem to take it to be a huge joke not to obey their platform and to make ridiculous the efforts of the members of our party who do try to live up to the promises they made to the people. . . .
>
> We charged the Republicans for twelve years of my service in the House under Republican administration with being grossly extravagant and reckless in the expenditure of the public money. I believed that charge to be true. I believed that my party, when placed in power, would demonstrate that the charges we had made in good faith were true. We are entitled to the help and to the support of the members on this side of the House in honest efforts to carry out the pledges of the Democratic party, and in our attempts to show that what we charged in order to get into power was true. We have not had that support. Our Democratic colleagues have not given that support to us thus far during this

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session of Congress. They have unnecessarily piled up the public expenditures until the Democratic party is becoming the laughing-stock of the country.

Democratic Senators have been hardly less heedless, and we believe it to be a fact that the only reduction effected by an Executive Department was $120 reported as having been saved by the Secretary of State.

Whether President Wilson could have checked the rapacity of his followers in any case is perhaps a question, but it must be recorded to his disadvantage that if he has ever tried to do so the fact has not been evidenced, and that the appropriations recommended with his acquiescence far exceed those ever before submitted. Indeed, the readiness with which he has accepted proposals involving huge expenditures for such dubious adventures as railway-building in Alaska and the purchase of steamships induces the inference that Mr. Wilson, like Mr. Roosevelt, and unlike Mr. Cleveland, not only regards the appropriating body as responsible, but also minimizes the importance of expenditures as contrasted with accomplishments. The charge of inconsistency cannot lie against him because, in the face of party tradition and declaration, at no time during his canvass did he emphasize retrenchment as an issue.

That a change of viewpoint may be the consequence of justifiable criticism by his political opponents during the present campaign is, we hope and trust, within the range of probabilities.

CLASS LEGISLATION

The " one big blot " on the record of the Administration, we reiterate emphatically, is the initiation of class legislation in specious guise at the behest of Mr. Samuel Gompers. The best that can be said of the amendment to the Clayton Act finally substituted by the Senate is that it is less brazen and vicious than the provision originally adopted by the House; but differentiation between groups of persons is still recognized, " equality before the law " as a fundamental tenet is tacitly abandoned, and the burden of interpreting an ambiguous statute is wrongfully imposed upon the courts. That this iniquitous legislation is hardly less repugnant to the President than to every other discerning person he made sufficiently clear in his memorandum, but apparently he felt powerless to resist the pressure of the mis-

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guided labor-unions, reinforced by practically unanimous action of a craven House of Representatives.

While freely according him due credit for his insistence upon modification by the Senate, we can find no adequate excuse for the President's attitude in this matter. The utmost that can be urged in palliation is that this is the only instance of really grave failure on his part to maintain the courage of his convictions.

CIVIL SERVICE AND DIPLOMACY

Of the Democratic party's open violations of its professions respecting the civil service, regrettable though they are, it can be truly said that they were made under severe provocation and are no worse than like offenses by the Republicans. President Eliot was quite right in pronouncing Mr. Taft's attempt to cover thirty thousand Republican postmasters into the service for life a blow at the spirit of the reform, and the Democrats were wholly justified in rescinding the regulation. Despite the fact, moreover, that in other instances the partisan Congress has belied its professions with ready effrontery, it must be recalled to his credit that the President himself has compelled rigid observance of the established regulations throughout the consular service.

The " Diplomats of Democracy " in Europe are becoming known quite unexpectedly by their works. The one shining example seems to be Ambassador Gerard, whose notable success goes far to indicate that one need not necessarily be a boob to fitly represent his country in foreign lands. Fortunately, perhaps, the pressure of arduous duties, which he seems to be performing admirably, has checked for the time Ambassador (W. H.) Page's flow of humorous eloquence, and only words of praise are spoken of Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page and Ministers Van Dyke and Stoval. The less said of the loquacious Mr. Sharp, whose incompetency would seem to be established by the State Department's retention of Mr. Herrick, perhaps the better; but taking them as a whole we have no occasion to revise our early opinion that the European ministers appointed by President Wilson do not suffer from comparison with their predecessors. Of the envoys to South America it may be remarked with relief and gratification that nothing is heard either from or of them.

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MEXICO

The present outcome of President Wilson's conduct of our relations with Mexico calls for special felicitations. The vexatious and perilous situation which confronted him at the outset of his incumbency was not of his making; he inherited it and with it an Ambassador of dubious quality whose indiscretions and unreliability remained to plague. In common with the most competent observers throughout the world, we regarded the President's preliminary drifting policy as unwise and his subsequent taking of sides as unjustifiable intermeddling. But what seemed practically certain to happen did actually happen only in so small a part as to be negligible. The episode at Vera Cruz, we fear, will live in history as quite as unnecessary as it was lamentable, but since the occupation now happily concluded can hardly have failed to make a favorable impression upon all fair minds in Latin America, the better understanding thus engendered of our efficiency no less than of our disinterestedness must produce results of distinct benefit.

What the future holds for our still distracted neighbor God alone knows, but the overpowering and most satisfying fact is that our own skirts are clear; war was averted at a time when subsequent events have shown avoidance was essential not only to our own well-being, but to the making of opportunity to render service to the entire world; the Administration has the advantage of acquired information and useful experience in its future dealings; and, best of all, the star of hope seems really to be rising over a people that has been cruelly oppressed for ages.

The relative parts played by prescience and good-fortune in realizing so promising an outcome need not be considered. Rather let full and ungrudging tribute be rendered to the President under whose guidance, in the most stressful and trying of circumstances, it was attained.

CONCLUSIONS

Ignoring, then, the innumerable doings and happenings of minor importance which tend so often to impair the vision, the irresistible conclusion is that the excellences of the present Administration so clearly outweigh its deficiencies that the balance in its favor is overwhelming; that the actual efficiency developed by untrained and inexperienced executive officers, under the inspiration of a chief whose un-

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sparing devotedness to the performance of his manifold tasks has never been surpassed, is as extraordinary as it was unexpected; that a competent working legislative body has evolved from materials none too promising; that without achieving or assuming to have achieved unattainable perfection, Mr. Wilson as President has justified the great expectations and realized the high hopes of those whose faith was strong in his intellectual and moral attributes; that in all large essentials he has, indeed, kept faith with his conscience and the people; and that consequently he richly deserves the vote of confidence and gratitude which patriotic citizens cannot withhold from him without depreciating the value to the commonwealth of true public service.

AMERICA AND EUROPE

There remains another most vital consideration. Monarchy has failed utterly, miserably; Democracy is on trial in the courts of progress, civilization, and humanity.

We have received the following communication:

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON.

I have just read your article on "Europe at Armageddon" with absorbing interest. The entire article and especially your final appeal to the people to so conduct themselves "that, when the time shall come, as assuredly it will come, to act for the restoration of peace and good-will among distracted peoples, no bar shall cross the path of a Chief Magistrate who would crown the Republic with glory by striving as a friend among the nations of the earth," will find approval in the minds and hearts of many readers. But the paragraph which arrested my attention above all others is the following:

"Back of all, underneath all, may be the onrush of democracy, designed, indeed, by God to sweep despotism from the face of the earth and open the eyes of His children to their rightful heritage of that 'life, liberty and pursuit of happiness' whose winning through conflict constitutes the greatest boon of humankind, perhaps, in reverent truth, a Holy War!"

This states a great truth, one which we grasp hesitatingly and with dubious faith. It is a truth born of our intuition rather than our reasoning faculties, but it has been with me from the beginning of this conflict. For years the spirit of democracy has been abroad in the Old World. It has permeated the whole vast mass of society. The people have been a seething mass of discontent and restlessness, a great, mysterious powerful, questioning force. They have had but little voice and no means of public expression; nevertheless, the spirit of democracy has been at work.

I am a firm believer in the inexplicable philosophy of that kind of human progress which is started and sustained not by great personages or dominant figures nor guided by select groups of men, but which comes up by reason of the great dumb forces of oppressed and outraged and downtrodden humanity. It even seems as if the social ties and moral

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ligaments spun out of human relations are quite as much beyond our understanding in their making or control as in their ending and destruction. In these great moral upheavals and humanitarian movements, kings and lords and leaders are, after all, of but small concern in their bringing on the crisis or in shaping its course or in terminating it.

This war is no more inexplicable, though on a vaster scale, than the French Revolution. It is in a sense a working out of those inscrutable forces of humanity on a more tremendous scale, a more fearful plan, but along the same lines as that which gave us the most stupendous enigma in history until now, the French Revolution.

Some will say to such reasoning as this, "Then you approve of this horrible war." One might as well ask me if I approve of the French Revolution or our own Civil War. We have but little to do with approving or disapproving of them. We can but watch the forces operate, and thank our stars that the result is almost inevitably to the betterment of humanity, strange as it may seem. Humanity seems sometimes to get in a trap, and nothing but havoc and destruction will enable it to get out of the trap—as in our own Civil War. The greatest political philosopher, and the most eloquent master of the mother-tongue, Burke, disapproved of the French Revolution, tried to analyze it, railed at Carnot and others, but the forces which brought it on carried it to its consummation. He never understood, and no one has since been able either to analyze or define them.

But of this be assured, that while the cost seems fearful and wholly unnecessary, yet old Europe is no more. The Europe of the future will be freer, a more released, a more democratic Europe—the people will have a greater voice, humanity will never be weighed down again by the accursed and infamous practices, trappings, and burdens of royalty. Even if this war should result, as did the French Revolution, in a universal dictator for a time, it will only be for a time. This is worth something, and adds a sheen of light to the fearful darkness which now palls upon Europe. I regret to have witnessed this war, but I thank God I have lived to see the beginning of the end of old Europe.

Excuse this long letter, but you are to blame, as I have just laid down the paper and am writing upon the inspiration of your splendid article.

Here speaks a statesman, one of the foremost statesmen in the land, a Republican in name, a democrat at heart, a patriot and an American. His name—which we do not feel at liberty to append—would add much weight to his graphic portrayal of a condition which makes for mighty opportunity. Consider! Nine Powers at war! But one great Nation free and unentangled, but one in position of possible arbiter of the world's destiny; and that one our own! Behold, too, the significance of recent happenings! We cannot surmise that President Wilson foresaw so imminent a need of proving America's adherence to moral might as against physical force when he proclaimed seeming altruism at Mobile. We cannot imagine that he divined the proximate

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potency of strict observance of faith among nations when he demanded that our treaty with England be kept inviolate. And yet by those two acts, still fresh in mind throughout the world, the authority of the Republic was enhanced immeasurably on the very eve of a cataclysm which can never be resolved without its aid and acquiescence.

That the situation now confronting our Government and likely, in our judgment, to confront it for many months is one of the greatest delicacy, calling for the exercise of exceptional sagacity, statesmanship, prudence, tact, even intuition, should be apparent to all. The President's appreciation of the nature of the great task which has befallen him was made manifest when at the outset he solemnly enjoined personal as well as official neutrality and sought the cooperation of press and people. None, we suspect, knows better than he the futile and disabling effect of crying for peace when there can be no peace. That he will beware of premature proposals of well-meaning busybodies at the subtle instigation of one or another of the contending parties, keen for commitment, craving a cat's-paw, we may be assured from the perfect responses already made to direct representations. If ever there was a time when "they also serve who only stand and wait," it is now.

The President promptly, as in duty bound, made his proffer of good offices; there he stopped; there he should remain, ready and willing, but never betraying eagerness to act.

That he will prove his mastery of the situation need not be doubted, but he needs the help of all. His hands should be strengthened by a vote of confidence, not weakened by seeming division. Now more than ever before or perhaps ever again it behooves our country to stand behind its leader united before the world. Whatever of disaffection may exist in the Democratic party, whatever of partisan feeling among Republicans, whatever of discontent among Progressives must be brushed aside for the time if the greatest glory is to be won for the Nation and for democracy in achieving the goal of all mankind—*the disarmament of the world.*

The choice of State and municipal officers may well, as ever, be based upon local considerations, but in the election of Congressmen citizens should realize the gravity of the responsibility which they must face at the polls on Novem-

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ber 3d. These facts seem both obvious and certain: They cannot return an opposition Congress without repudiating an Administration which has served them faithfully and well; without exalting blatant demagogy over quiet efficiency as possessing popular appeal; without testifying lack of appreciation of a President who has done not merely his own best, but better than any other since Lincoln; without evincing a preference for government given to special privilege over government dedicated to service of the whole people; without impeding the progress of true democracy through enlightenment and resolution; without inviting a return from sober but steady advancement to the old, hateful, and utterly futile striving between the extremes of radicalism and Bourbonism; and, finally, without seriously impairing the effectiveness of their own Chief Magistrate's patient and noble endeavors in the cause of civilization and humanity through re-establishment of peace among the distracted Nations of the earth.

Our appeal is to all good citizens,—first, to register without fail; secondly, to vote, not as partisans, but as patriots; and, finally, to uphold the President who has kept the faith among peoples and among men.

TURKEY AND THE GREAT WAR

Amid the crash and thunder of the great European war a new note comes vibrating out of the Near East; through the smoke of French, Galician, and Bosnian battlefields we catch the loom of a gigantic figure rising over Stamboul, "the City of Constantine." The figure is clothed in khaki and carries a Mauser rifle, but above its fez-capped forehead gleams the crescent moon of Othman, while its fierce eyes shine with terrible glee as they gaze on the battling Christian world.

What is it that is stirring over there in Stamboul, that open gateway through which Asia's armies have poured into Europe these past five hundred years? We do not know. Vague rumors assail our ears; tidings of mobilization in Asia Minor, reports of great Mohammedan armies gathering on Turkey's shrunken Thracian frontier. For the rest, the wires to Stamboul are down, the Dardanelles are closed, the Euxine has become a sea of mystery. Behind the veil

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"Young Turkey," the Chauvinist Turkey of Enver Bey, which only a year ago tore up the Treaty of London and seized Adrianople in defiance of Europe, is preparing—what? We do not know. But this much we do perceive. The Turkish Government is displaying toward the embattled Allies — England, France, and Russia — a provocative haughtiness that increases with every day, while Ottoman diplomats throughout the world are using language seldom heard in the guarded conversations of the Chancelleries. German battle-cruisers have been taken into Turkish service, and the Ottoman Government has answered the Allies' protests by inquiring what they were going to do about it. The Turkish Ambassador to Washington has countered on our proposal to send a war-ship to Constantinople for the relief of our nationals in Ottoman territory by a most extraordinary press interview criticizing our own domestic shortcomings and asking if America wants war. Finally, to cap the climax, Turkey has cavalierly abrogated all extra-territorial rights of foreigners within its dominions—those famous "Capitulations," older than the Ottoman Empire itself, dating as they do from the special status granted the resident citizens of the Italian maritime republics by the medieval Byzantine Empire; and the Turkish Ambassador to Washington answers the chorus of astonishment at this amazing coup by simply remarking, "This war is Turkey's opportunity."

Opportunity for what? That is the question. Is "Young Turkey" seeking merely to shake off the galling trammels of European tutelage and to establish itself as sovereign master in its own house, or is it planning something more—some desperate effort to turn back the ebbing tide of Ottoman destiny, some "thunder stroke" beside which last year's defiant seizure of Adrianople and the Maritza River line shall be as the sound of brass or tinkling cymbals? Shall we presently see Turkish battle-ships bearing the Sublime Porte's "non-possumus" of the Ægean Islands as a cartel to the Greek fleet; Turkish armies backing the despoiled Bulgarians in an effort to rescue the Bulgars of Serb Macedonia, and spurring the Rumanians over the "Accursed Pruth" in an endeavor to revenge Russia's Bessarabian seizure of two generations ago; Anatolian redifs and Kurdish cavalry skirting the snows of Ararat to the assault of Tiflis and Kars on Russia's trans-Caucasian rear? Which of these hypoth-

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eses is correct time alone will tell, and no man outside the secret councils of the Sublime Porte can speak authoritatively at the present hour. Nevertheless, even though positive prophecy be more than usually vain in this instance, an analysis of Ottoman internal conditions and of "Young Turk" psychology may not be without value. It will at least show those factors of strength upon which Turkey may rely if it decides to plunge into the European maelstrom, and it may afford some clue as to the hopes and convictions of that determined band headed by Enver Bey which now directs the course of the Ottoman ship of state.

"The Sick Man of Europe" has become a stock phrase, yet, despite all his crises, recent and remote, he looks far healthier to-day than he did one hundred years ago. It is not too much to say that the Ottoman Empire of the early nineteenth century presented as hopeless an appearance as did Morocco on its death-bed ten years since, when the Algeciras Conference handed the corpse of the Shereefian Empire over to France and Spain for that modern embalming process known as "pacific penetration." A century ago the Ottoman Empire was a shining example of Taine's "spontaneous anarchy," and, furthermore, there seemed no probability that this chronic malady would end in any other fashion than by the demise of the patient. The barbaric military machine of Mohammed II. and Suleyman the Magnificent had utterly broken down and nothing had come to take its place. Beyond the walls of Imperial Stamboul the Sultan's authority had passed into the hands of a swarm of picturesque brigands, worthy prototypes of their Moorish scion the late Raisuli—ambitious upstarts like Ali, "The Lion of Janina," Djezzar Pasha, "Butcher of Acre" and doughty opponent of General Bonaparte, Mehemet Ali of Egypt, most famous of them all—a breed who honored the Sultan's writ only when it ran before the Sultan's army, and who never ceased from troubling till their pickled heads were safely landed at the Golden Horn. Furthermore, within the walls of Stamboul itself the Padisha, nominally Lord of the World, in reality trembled before his "Janissaries," those debauched and degenerate Prætorians whose interminable palace revolutions had so thinned out the imperial stock that the Sultan of the day stood as the only surviving male representative of the sacred blood of Othman.

However, that same Sultan, the grim Mahmoud II., by his

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destruction of those mutinous Janissaries and rebellious provincial satraps, was destined to inaugurate that revival of the imperial authority which, despite its immense territorial losses and its crying domestic anachronisms, has transformed the moribund Oriental Sultanate of a hundred years ago into the "Young Turkey" of to-day, with its aggressive nationalistic self-consciousness and its up-to-date mechanism of a modern, centralized state. Compared with the Janissary-ridden "Empire" of Mahmoud II, the Turkey of Enver Bey, with its steel frame of strategic railways, its centralizing network of telegraph-bound civilian bureaucrats, and its khaki-clad, Krupp-gunned army mobilized to the tune of the Prussian general staff, appears a very phœnix, rising from the ashes of the past to a new and victorious future. Such certainly is the conviction of Enver Bey and his sanguine disciples. Whether or not they are right in their deductions the event alone can decide.

One thing is clear: the steady shrinkage of Turkey's European dominion during the last century has been by no means pure loss. Despite their five centuries of lordship the Turks never really took root on Balkan soil; they remained in essence an army camped amid hostile populations, who but awaited the opportunity to rise against their masters. Under these circumstances the holding of such a huge block of territory as the European Turkey of a hundred years ago, stretching as it did from the frontiers of Poland to the Morea, was an absolute impossibility; it merely meant the draining away of the Empire's very life-blood from that distant reservoir of Ottoman power, the Turkish population of the Asia Minor plateau, in a whole series of wars which might delay but could not avert the inevitable. Now at last the process is complete. Turkey is at last quit of those rebellious Balkan provinces which for so many generations have cost far more than they brought in, while retaining the one great prize on European soil—incomparable Stamboul, firmly buttressed against possible attack as it is by Adrianople and the Maritza line. Furthermore, Turkey has regained, or is regaining, most of those valuable possessions apparently lost during her European retreat. In nearly every one of her former provinces the Mohammedan population, refusing to live under Christian rule, emigrates and seeks refuge within the Ottoman frontiers. This is all the more striking when we remember that the majority of the

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European Moslems are not of Turkish stock, but descend from Balkan converts to the Mohammedan faith. In many cases these people do not even speak Turkish as their native tongue. Nevertheless, the spell of Islam has proved more potent than the ties of language or of blood, and the exiles stream ceaselessly across the Ottoman borders. This is a tremendous source of strength for the Turkish Empire. These exiles for conscience' sake are not only fanatical Moslems; they are also more Turkish than the Turks, and, whatever their racial origins, they quickly blend with that genuine Turkish population which is the necessary foundation to the Turkish Empire. How important have been these accessions of strength can be illustrated by the successive migrations of the Greek Mohammedans during the last century. When the Greek Revolution ended in the loss of Hellas to the Turkish Empire some ninety years ago, the Moslem population of those regions emigrated to a man, some going north into Thessaly, just beyond the bounds of the Greece of that epoch, others taking ship to southwest Asia Minor, where their descendants form one of the most vigorous "Turkish" stocks to be found in all Anatolia. Again, when in the year 1881 Thessaly was ceded to the Greek kingdom, the grandsons of the first exiles trekked still farther north into Macedonia, and this despite the most considerate treatment at the hands of the Greek Government. Lastly, since the Balkan War of 1911–12, a perfect exodus of Macedonian Moslems has choked Turkish Thrace, Stamboul, and the Asia Minor ports with immigrant swarms whose numbers must run into hundreds of thousands. The same is true of the Moslem element in the Ægean Islands and in Crete, while from Bulgaria, Old Servia, and even distant Bosnia-Herzegovina, still other Mohammedan emigrant streams *en route* for the Turkish frontier testify, despite their Slav blood and their Slav speech, to the tremendous unity of Islam. One only of the Moslem blocks in Turkey's former provinces contributes but few emigrants to this modern Hegira of the Faith. The Albanians, although nominally two-thirds of them are classed as Mohammedans, are the exception to that Balkan rule which subordinates nationality to religion. The Greek, the Bulgar, the Serb, once he embraces Islam, disowns his blood-brethren and becomes more Turkish than the genuine Turk himself. But the "Skhipetar," whether Moslem, Catholic, or Orthodox, re-

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members that he is first and foremost an Albanian, and this secluded race of highlanders, living in a perpetual welter of tribal anarchy, possessed of no distinctive culture and without even an alphabet to clothe its race traditions, yet reveals an innate national consciousness perhaps unexampled in the world's history. The Young Turks discovered this to their cost in the troubled period from the Revolution of 1908 to the Great Balkan War, for it was the Albanian revolt against Young Turkey's programme of Ottomanization which split European Islam in twain and thus paved the way for the triumph of Balkan Christendom over the traditional Moslem enemy. Despite the many able men whom Albania has contributed to Ottoman history in the past, therefore, it is doubtful whether the distinctly nationalistic Turkey of to-day has lost much by the lopping off of this unruly member of Islam. Indeed, it is more than likely that Turkey may find independent Albania a valuable ally, whereas a subject Albania would have remained a costly and rebellious charge.

Since European Turkey is now little more than Constantinople and its military bulwarks, with a small territorial area and a population under two millions, it is Turkey in Asia which must henceforth furnish the main internal problems of Ottoman statesmanship. And as the present pilots of the Turkish ship of state examine their vast Asiatic domain they must feel a sense of relief at beholding that tide of immigrants (at the same time such good Moslems and such good Turks) setting in from Europe, together with that other and similar Circassian stream flowing into the other extremity of Asia Minor across Russia's trans-Caucasian frontier. For Asiatic Turkey has itself two great problems; one the same old feud of Mohammedan and Christian which was the bane of the lost Balkan provinces, the other a race-question within the body of Islam itself.

It is quite true that by the loss of all "Rumelia" to the very outposts of Stamboul, Turkey has become a much more Mohammedan power than before. Yet within the wide sweep of Turkey in Asia, comprising as it does the vast block of Asia Minor, the great mountainland of Armenia—Kurdistan, the wide valley-plains of the Tigris and Euphrates, the broken mosaic of Syria and the distant Arabian coast provinces of Hejac and Yemen, no less than three and one-half millions of its total population of twenty million souls profess the

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Christian faith. This Christian population falls under three main heads, one and a half million being Armenians, another million Greeks, while the remainder belong to one or other of the Syrian sects. This dispersion of Asiatic Christian strength is a fortunate thing for the Turkish Empire, since even as it is the Christians' economic strength and affiliations with foreign powers render them a serious perplexity if not a positive danger to this distinctly Mohammedan state.

However, only one of these Christian elements of Asiatic Turkey, the Greeks, can be said to constitute a pressing political danger to the Ottoman Empire to-day. The Syrian sects, though aggregating nearly a million souls, are too divided among themselves and too dispersed among larger masses of Mohammedan population ever to afford much anxiety to the Turkish Government. Were it not for the possibility that some of them may be used as cat's-paws by European powers anxious to obtain a foothold in those regions, the Syrian Christians could be safely disregarded by Ottoman statesmen. As things are, however, the Turkish Government must keep an eye on such an eventuality, the French "protectorate" of the Catholic Maronites of Lebanon being the most notable case in point. Neither can the Armenians, though the most numerous element in Anatolian Christendom, be said to offer any special perplexities to Ottoman statesmanship at the present hour. Twenty years ago there was, in a certain sense, an "Armenian question." The extraordinary industrial and commercial aptitude of the Armenians had made them the middlemen in the economic revival of Asiatic Turkey, and this favored position had brought them such an increase in wealth and population that many Armenians began to dream of a national revival despite the fact that the Armenian population nowhere formed a clear majority over the other race elements. These sentiments presently crystallized in the "Hunchakist" movement, whose radical wing aimed clearly at the establishment of an autonomous Armenia by revolutionary means. To-day, however, things are entirely changed. The terrible programme of massacre and spoliation carried on by Abdul Hamid for so many years has greatly reduced the Armenian population, and has seriously compromised its economic ascendancy. Nevertheless, strange though this may at first sight appear, the Armenians are more loyal to Mohammedan Turkey than they were before the beginning of the massacres

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twenty years ago. The reason for this apparent inconsistency is the fact that the Armenians see themselves menaced by two new dangers from the side of Christendom more serious to their future than the old Islamic peril itself; the politico-religious threat of Russia and the economic pressure of the Greek. The persecutions suffered of late years by their brethren of trans-Caucasia at Russian hands in the Muscovite endeavor to force the Armenians within the Orthodox Church have alarmed the Armenians of Turkey to the highest degree, and have caused them to forget the bloody past in their present interest to avoid falling under Russian domination by preserving the territorial integrity of Asiatic Turkey. The Armenians know that their race-life is bound up with the continued existence of the Armenian Church; they also know that if Turkey falls the Armenian plateau becomes a Russian province. Accordingly, they prefer to endure an occasional outburst of Moslem fanaticism rather than risk a ruthless Russification which would threaten their whole race-identity.

The second source of Armenian solicitude involves the one pressing danger which Anatolian Christendom presents to the Ottoman Empire—the Greek peril. All Greek policy is founded upon and guided by one deep-seated resolve, known as the "Great Idea." Now the Great Idea means the reunion of the whole Greek race in a "Greater Greece," which shall revive both the glory of ancient Hellas and the power of the mediæval Byzantine Empire. As such it involves not only the taking of Constantinople (where the Greeks are to-day almost as numerous as the Turks), but also the conquest of Asia Minor, where a million Greeks form an almost continuous ribbon of population along the coasts and headlands, thickest on the western Ægean shore, but extending north and east along the Black Sea coast well beyond Trebizond and almost touching the Russian trans-Caucasian frontier. Furthermore, this Greek population is growing rapidly in both numbers and prosperity. Protected by foreign influence from Moslem violence, the energetic Greek farmer is steadily supplanting the easy-going, overtaxed Turkish peasant, and is pressing up the river valleys toward the inland cities where the keen-witted Greek merchant is wrestling from the half-ruined Armenian his former commercial supremacy. It is these things perhaps far more than wounded national vanity which has made the

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" Young Turk " Government obstinately refuse the cession of those large islands just off Asia Minor's Ægean shore, for it must be perfectly clear to any competent observer that if these islands form part of that victorious Greece already supreme throughout the Ægean sea, the dense Greek population of the mainland will be stirred to such a pitch of irredentist fervor as must lay Asia Minor open to a perpetual menace of rebellion.

And these facts acquire further significance when we remember that Turkey must at all costs keep unbroken hold of Asia Minor, since the Anatolian plateau is the home of the real Turkish race—that great block of ten million genuine " Osmanli " which is the very bone and sinew of the Empire. No finer peasantry exists than these folk—frugal, good-hearted, and infinitely patient, albeit long impoverished and declining in numbers—since the Turkish peasantry has been conscripted to death for endless European wars and taxed to death for the support of a prodigal court and a corrupt officialdom. However, the stamina of the Anatolian peasant seems to have successfully resisted all his past misfortunes, and still offers a sound and solid base for the erection of that rejuvenated Ottoman Empire which is the ardent dream of Young Turk statesmanship.

The great problem which must be solved, if a strong Mohammedan Empire stretching from Stamboul to Bagdad and from Kurdistan to Yemen is to arise and bid defiance to encroaching Christendom, is involved in that race question within the body of Islam of which we have already made passing mention. In Asia Minor (save for its Greek coastline and the nomad tribes of Tartar " Yuruks " in the alkali deserts of its dried-up Dead Sea basin) all is Osmanli. But, once through the gorges of the Taurus Mountains, we leave the Turk behind and enter into another land—the land of the Arab. And the Arab, whether the mongrel villager of Syria and Mesopotamia or the pure-blood Semite nomad of the desert, never forgets that he springs from the race of Mohammed and should, therefore, be esteemed of Islam's " Chosen People "; he holds it high injustice that the Turk, that heavy-witted intruder from distant Turan, should rule the Prophet's own race, and that the Turkish Sultan should claim Arabia's spiritual allegiance as " Commander of the Faithful." Indeed, a whole series of revolts, beginning immediately after the Turkish conquest of Syria four centuries

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ago and extending down to the recent rising in Assyr and in Yemen, testify to the Arab's dislike of Turkish rule. One thing is very evident. Young Turk statesmen will have to discover some *modus vivendi* for Osmanli and Arab if their dream of a broad-based Moslem Empire is to become a reality. Any thought of Ottomanizing the six million Arabs of Syria, Mesopotamia, and the Red Sea littoral may as well be dismissed as the most dangerous of absurdities, for the Semite will never consent to merge his ancient individuality in that of the Turk, who is indebted to the Arab for his faith, his alphabet, and nearly all the finer flowers of his civilization.

Such are the elements composing the modern Ottoman Empire, such the problems immediately facing Young Turk statesmanship. It now remains to discover who and what are these "Young Turks," how they came to be, and in what spirit they will probably guide the destinies of their country.

Speaking in the broadest and most fundamental sense, the Young Turk movement may be said to have begun just about a century ago, during that period of utter anarchy already described when the Ottoman Empire had sunk to the level of Shereefian Morocco, with every apparent prospect of ending in a similar manner. And, paradoxical though this may seem, the first "Young Turk" of note was undoubtedly that stern Sultan Mahmoud II, who plucked his empire from its nadir of decrepitude and set it on the path to better things. True, Mahmoud's chief endeavor was the strengthening of his own unlimited authority. Yet he understands but little of this movement who would restrict the term "Young Turk" to those near-Parisian dandies, full of half-digested Western "liberalism," who proclaim their free thought by getting drunk on sweet champagne. Mahmoud II was far nearer than these frothy doctrinaires to the realist, fiercely Ottoman "Young Turkey" of Enver Bey. Mahmoud recognized the following chain of facts: (1) Old Turkey was helpless in face of Modern Europe; (2) Turkey must reform itself if it was to escape a European conquest; (3) to do this Turkey must discover and employ the secrets of European superiority. This is the problem which the genuine Young Turks are trying to solve. They do not in the least intend to make themselves over into imitation Europeans; they aim to assimilate Europe's strength, and then to fight

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encroaching Europe with its own weapons. The Japanese have apparently solved the problem; it remains to be seen whether Young Turkey can solve it as well.

True, Mahmoud II was not a very judicious borrower of European innovations. As might have been expected from one who viewed the West from the lattices of the seraglio, he too often confounded the substance with the shadow, and thus drew down upon himself the purblind fanaticism of his reactionary subjects. This Ottoman Peter the Great encountered upon the pathway of reform the same irritating experiences as his great Russian predecessor, and the crossbelts of his European-drilled troops aroused as much wrath in Islam as Peter's clipping of Boyars' beards had ever done in Byzantine Moscow. He died a disappointed man and his empire experienced more than one reactionary lurch during the succeeding half-century. Nevertheless, Turkey gradually acquired both the material framework of a European state and an *élite* of educated men who might accomplish something when the right time came. Even the thirty years of Hamidian rule preceding the Revolution of 1908 were not quite so black as they have usually been painted; Abdul Hamid had in many ways a pretty clear idea of realities, and though his " mania of persecution " threw him into the hands of knaves and charlatans who made genuine reform impossible, his able German mentors like Von der Goltz and Marschall von Bieberstein did manage to keep up the army, build strategic railroads and (most important of all) send bright young officers to get their eyes opened at the *Kriegsschule* of Berlin. Thus, despite the blight of the Yildiz Kiosk camarilla, the seed continued to sprout after a fashion, and the Revolution of 1908 was rendered an ultimate certainty.

But there appear to have been two varieties of this Young Turk seed, which one may respectively consider as the wheat or the tares, according to one's point of view. There was first that school of thought (exemplified by Midhat Pasha and his short-lived Parliament of 1877), which came so prominently to the fore after the 1908 Revolution. These men must in no sense be classed with the cosmopolitan libertines of the Paris cafés; they were genuine Turks, proud of the fact, and not in the least desirous of hiding their individuality behind a Western veneer. Nevertheless they proposed for Turkey a Western innovation of the most funda-

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mental character. In their eyes the mainspring of Western strength was the principle of "nationality," by which all the citizens of a modern European state are welded into a territorial "patriotism" by a predominant language, standardized education, and common parliamentary institutions. When we remember that the "Old Turk" theory was essentially that of a Mohammedan army living in perpetual "free quarters" at the expense of a subject Christian population, we can see how sweeping was the innovation proposed by Midhat Pasha and his school.

Well! The Midhat theory of a "National" Ottoman state on the Western model without distinction of creed has been tried out in the four-year period from the Young Turk Revolution of 1908 down to the Balkan War of 1912; and it has not proved a brilliant success. At the moment of victory, of course, Christian and Mohammedan fraternized in most edifying fashion under the spell of a common joy at being relieved of the common Hamidian tyranny. But just as soon as the Young Turks began to suggest their panacea of an "Ottoman" nationality, regardless of creed, indeed, but based on the Turkish language and Young Turk institutions, the dream was over. Indeed, in one sense, the Balkan Christians—Greek, Serb, and Bulgarian alike—were more incensed at the Young Turk theory than at the Old, for the exclusive, Islamic Turkey of the past had at least left their race-lives undisturbed and had no desire to convert them *en masse,* whereas the Young Turks threatened to deprive them of those immemorial heirlooms of speech and culture of which their religion was but the sign-manual. So menacing was the attitude of these "fellow-citizens" that the nationalist doctrinaires of the Constantinople Parliament let them alone for the moment and turned their Ottomanizing energies upon the Albanians, with the result that Balkan Mohammedanism was split in twain and the way opened for the triumph of Balkan Christendom. Last, but not least, the replacement of Islam by "Nationalism" as the basis of the Ottoman State estranged and infuriated the Arab portions of the Empire, for what bond now remained between the race of Mohammed and those impious Turanian renegades beyond the Taurus Mountains? In fine, the bubble of Young Turk "National Liberalism" was pricked in the *débâcle* of 1912, and apparently it has vanished for good and all, leaving not a wrack behind.

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Yet, there is a "Young Turk" Government at Stamboul to-day? Very true. But not that of Midhat Pasha and the Nationalist parliamentarians: it is the Young Turkey of Enver Bey, girt with the sword of Othman and bestriding an Arab steed, which now grasps the reins of authority. The second school of Young Turk thought has at last come into its own. This school has the greatest respect for German army officers, Krupp guns, and Vickers-built battleships, but it has very little faith in Western nationalism or parliamentary government; it believes in Islamic civilization and a Mohammedan Ottoman Empire; it fears and hates Christendom as its natural and remorseless enemy. With mingled feelings of cynical amusement and impotent fury it has witnessed the Christian reply to the "Liberal" Turkey of 1908: Austrian annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, Italian seizure of Tripoli, Christian "fellow-citizen" soldiers deserting wholesale to the enemy, London partition conference of 1912. Really, concludes Enver Bey, beneath the smooth surface of diplomacy lurks ever the "Jihadd," the Holy War! Such being the case, these Young Turks reproach their sires not with barbarity, but with excessive moderation. Listen to this comment, made nearly forty years ago: "If in its day the dynasty of Mohammed II. had followed the example of Philip II., if it had expelled or exterminated the Christians as the son of Charles V. did the Moors of Spain, the whole Balkan peninsula would to-day be peopled by good Mussulmans, impervious to the influence of Europe and energetically responsive to the Khalifate of Stamboul." No talk here of Ottoman "nationality" or the Turkish language; Islam is alone in question. This can be read and approved by Arab and Kurd, or, for that matter, by any good Moslem on the Congo, the Ganges, or the Tian Shan. On this point old Abdul Hamid never strayed so far from the path, after all, with his clique of Senussi dervishes and his itinerant mollahs in Algeria, Bengal, Sulu, and Turkestan preaching the unity of Islam and telling of the common spiritual overlord, the great Khalifa, in Stamboul. What a welder of Osmanli, Arab, and Kurd—a "Jihadd" against the insolent Greek "Roumies" and the accursed Russians of the North! How the news would fly over the Moslem world and be threshed out in that peerless clearing-house of ideas and plans the Kaaba of Mecca at pilgrimage time! Of course, there would

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be England and France to reckon with, or what little of them could be spared from the death-struggle in the West. But England has India and Egypt, France has her North African Empire—some ninety million Mohammedans all told, and most of them "first-class fighting men." True it is that Indian sowars and Algerine turcos are at this moment fighting the Allies' battles in France and Flanders, but would they charge the German lines so gaily if to-morrow French and English battle-ships should bombard the Dardanelles? India has always throbbed a quick response to Turkish misfortunes in the past; note the monster subscriptions during the Russo-Turkish conflict of 1877, the Moslem press campaign during the Greek War of 1897 become so violent that the Government of India forbade all Turkish books and papers, the stormy boycottings and burnings of Italian goods only three years ago. Then there is the growing Egyptian unrest, which moved Mr. Roosevelt to his Guildhall warnings of a short time since. What would happen in Cairo if Turkish regulars and Arab tribesmen should appear out of the desert on the line of the Suez Canal?

Truly, in the lap of the gods now sits the world.

T. Lothrop Stoddard.

WILL RUSSIA "MAKE GOOD"?

Will Russia "make good"? That, without offense, is one of the most interesting and most important questions concerning the sequel to the European war. It is too early yet, no doubt, to consider all or many of the results of that war. But one of them is already so assured that it may be discussed almost as an accomplished fact. That is, the new era in Russia. For whatever may be the outcome of the war elsewhere and in other respects, so much is certain, that it must produce in Russia the most profound changes that that empire has known for at least half a century; and it will do that regardless of the general outcome of the war and of the course pursued by the Russian Government itself.

This is the dominant factor of the problem, that Russia has promised, substantially, self-government for Poland, and inferentially, if not specifically, for Finland also, and equal rights with all other subjects for the Jews. The fulfil-

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ment of these promises will, or would, mean radical and momentous changes in the status of a large part of the Russian people, in the constitution of the Russian Empire, and in the relations between Russia and other nations, particularly with the United States. The non-fulfilment of them would mean a scarcely less radical and momentous crisis in Russian affairs, at home and abroad. The question is, Will they be fulfilled? In the terse phrase of the Man in the Street, Will Russia make good?

Without being too cynical, we may readily interpret her motives and purpose in making the promises. They were an essential and salient part of the grand strategy of the war. It was obvious at the beginning that the first and perhaps the decisive stage of Russia's war with Germany was to be waged among the Poles and Jews. Austria's attack upon Russia was made in Russian Poland. Russia's counter attack upon Austria and her ally, Germany, was made in their Polish provinces. Nothing was more clear or certain than that the attitude and course of the Poles would be of great importance. If Poland, deeming Russia's extremity her opportunity, rose against the Czar to welcome the Austrians as liberators, the Russian campaign would be from the first defensive instead of aggressive. If the Poles of Galicia and Silesia played against Russia the part which Belgium played against Germany, the Muscovite march to Vienna and Berlin would be slow and hard indeed. Moreover, those countries and the adjacent provinces of southern Russia were those in which Jews most abounded, and their attitude, and that of their fellows in other parts of the world—for instance, in the money-markets—would be another important factor in the war. In part, therefore, Russia's promises to the Poles and Jews were conceived and made as war measures, calculated to retain the loyalty of the Poles in Russia and to detach that of those in Austria and Germany from the support of those countries.

In that extent they have already proved successful. There has been a tremendous rallying of Poles, both in and out of Russia, to Russia's support, with a correspondingly great influence upon the fortunes of the war. The Jews, also, are supporting the Czar's government, and we hear of them fighting valiantly in his army, and of their receiving, for the first time in history, commissions as commanding officers. Evidently, then, both Poles and Jews accept the Rus-

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sian promises as made in good faith and believe that they will be fulfilled.

For that belief there are strong reasons, regardless of the outcome of the war. Let us first consider the gross improbability of Russia's defeat. In that case she would have failed to attain the object for which she made the promises. Nevertheless, she would for her own sake be under all the stronger need of fulfilling them. She would need to do all in her power to conciliate her own subjects and to retain their loyalty. For her to repudiate those promises would be to add domestic disaffection to foreign defeat. On the other hand, to fulfil them loyally would be to confirm domestic solidarity and thus partly to compensate her for what she had lost or had failed to win. It will be remembered that her defeat in the Crimean War was soon followed by the emancipation of the Serfs.

On the other hand, if Russia is victorious in the war, as now seems altogether probable, she will still have to deal with her allies in determining the conditions of peace. She will doubtless wish to take from Austria and Prussia at least their Polish provinces, and perhaps something more. Great Britain and France might well demur to that if it was to mean nothing more than an addition to Russia's old oppressed, discontented, and semi-insurgent Poland; particularly since the Poles in Galicia have been far more contented with their lot than those of Russian Poland and the change for them would thus be much for the worse. But nothing would so much incline Great Britain and France to give their approval to such acquisition by Russia as the assurance that thus the "Polish question" would be satisfactorily settled by the reconstruction of an autonomous Kingdom of Poland. That might even move them to assent to Russia's annexation of some of Prussia's Baltic provinces and ports which would give her a frontage upon that open sea which she has so long desired.

Those two major allies of Russia have also, with the United States, a direct and deep interest in the fulfilment of the Russian promise to the Jews. Russian discrimination against that people has been a cause of diplomatic friction on more than one occasion, and almost constantly a cause of profound dissatisfaction. It led to abrogation of the only general treaty between this country and Russia. That it has brought world-wide reproach upon Russia is not to be

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denied. Her fulfilment of her promise to the Jews would be of immense practical value to her, both at home and abroad. It would secure for her the active support of one of the strongest and most vital elements of her population, and it would commend her in an immeasurable degree to the confidence and regard of all liberal and equitable governments and peoples throughout the world.

For these reasons, then, the fulfilment of the Russian promises is to be expected. There are other reasons. Before the war, before the war was seen to be impending, Russia took some significant steps in the same direction, indicating that the making of the promises was not altogether a war measure. For a long time the practical administrative advantages of a federated over a centralized empire have been under official consideration in the highest departments of the Russian Government. It has openly been urged by authoritative statesmen that for some of the Czar's many titles to be made real instead of merely nominal would enhance rather than diminish his power and dignity. They have urged that he should be formally crowned King of Poland at Warsaw, precisely as the Austrian Emperor is crowned King of Hungary at Budapest, or, perhaps more correctly, as he should be crowned King of Bohemia at Prague. A detailed scheme for such federation of the Empire has been for some time before the Czar, receiving his careful and not unfavorable attention. The reconstruction of a Kingdom of Poland, including Galicia, Silesia, and Posen, perhaps with the capital at Cracow, as of old, would accord with the adoption of this scheme.

There was also before the war some earnest consideration of the status of the Jews, and of the necessity of doing something to rid Russia of the reproach of intolerance and persecution. Strangely enough, this arose from a governmental act of additional oppression. The Minister of the Interior, Mr. Maklakoff, last spring ordered the withdrawal of all Jews from the boards of directors of Russian stock companies. For this there seemed to be no reason, save an unintelligent spirit of reaction, and it aroused so many protests, from Gentiles as well as Jews, that the Czar himself was moved to inquire into the wisdom and profit of such a step. The result was to start consideration of plans for the gradual removal of Jewish disabilities and abolition of the Pale. What progress would have been made in this di-

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rection had the war not occurred it is impossible to say. Now, however, with complete Jewish emancipation in the army, it would be indeed strange if a like reform in civil life did not speedily follow.

The triumph of the Allies would mean enormous increase of Russian prestige in Europe. If that were to mean the Russianization of Europe it would be an unspeakable calamity. If it were to mean the liberalizing of Russia it would be an inestimable blessing. That it will mean the latter is the purport of the promises which Russia has made; and which not only her allies, but also the whole world, will expect her to fulfil.

AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL INDEPENDENCE

THERE is in the European war a strong suggestion of the desirability of a larger measure of industrial independence, or of self-sufficiency, for the United States. It seems likely that there will be a large and gratifying restoration of the American commercial marine; but that will not be sufficient. In spite of all our industrial growth, we need additional manufactures as well as shipping, as the present war has strongly and most unpleasantly reminded us.

We have often vaunted ourselves upon our advantages over such nations as England which are not self-sustaining, but are dependent upon us or others for their food-supply. One of the most serious problems for such a nation in case of war is that of keeping open lines of communication and traffic with the lands from which it gets its foodstuffs. That is a problem with which we should not be troubled, for while we do, in fact, import much of our food, we are ourselves quite capable of producing all that we absolutely need.

But in the arts and industries we have permitted ourselves to become so largely dependent upon other nations that a war such as the present causes much business distress, and if prolonged may actually paralyze important industrial establishments. And that is because of our failure to produce here our own supplies of essential things which are perfectly susceptible of production here, and of which, in fact, we supply the raw material for other countries to manufacture for us.

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To cite a few examples: Hydroquinone and other important chemicals used in photographic processes increased enormously, some of them from fifty to a hundred fold, at the outbreak of the war, and fears were expressed that there would soon be a famine in those articles at any price; the reason being, of course, that our supplies are chiefly obtained from Germany. Also, there were fears of scarcity of photographic glass, which comes from Belgium, and of photographic printing-paper. Yet the raw material of hydroquinone and the other chemicals in question are supplied in this country, and the processes of making them are perfectly well known here. They can be made here just as well as in Europe. So, too, can the glass and paper in question be manufactured here.

Why, then, do we depend upon other countries for such essential articles? Simply because they can produce them more cheaply than we; and they can do that because of their lower wages. The cost of human labor is so much less in Germany than in the United States that raw materials can be taken thither from the United States, worked over, and be returned to us in the finished form, duty paid, and be sold here at a lower price than Americans can afford to make the goods for here.

The same is true of dyes, particularly the aniline dyes which are so extensively used in textile and other manufactures. They are made for us in Germany, out of coal-oil or tar provided by our own country. We used to throw away what we regarded as waste products of refineries, until our German friends showed that instead of being used to pollute the waters of our harbors they could be transformed into most useful materials for the arts and industries. But we have permitted Germany very largely to do the work of preparing these valuable by-products.

Numerous drugs of the materia medica, including some of very common and almost indispensable use, are also manufactured for us in Germany, and the outbreak of the war sent their prices up to an almost prohibitive figure, causing great hardship to the poor, and doubtless affecting unfavorably the operations of the medical profession. And many other like examples might easily be adduced. We may, no doubt, charge some of the increase in prices to the sordid rapacity of speculators and tradesmen, who arbitrarily increased prices when there was no actual or prospective

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scarcity of the goods to warrant them in so doing. But with all allowance for that discreditable circumstance, it is certain that a very marked effect was produced upon our supplies of necessaries by the outbreak of the war and the consequent disturbance of European industries and interruption of commerce.

The lesson ought to be obvious and convincing, to the effect that we should produce our supplies at home, and thus be independent of wars and other vicissitudes abroad. The objection of higher cost should not be insuperable. We do not, of course, want to reduce our wages to the German level. But it is possible that improved methods of manufacture, in proximity to the places where the raw material is found and where the finished product is required, might be made fully to counterbalance the difference in wages.

One of the most familiar of politico-economical sayings is that we must not reduce our American workmen to the level of the pauper labor of the Old World. That is quite true. But what shall we say of having our industries dependent upon that same pauper labor for their essential supplies? Such dependence is what we have actually been suffering, and are suffering at the present time. It will be greatly to our profit to have this war teach us better things. It will be well to acquire a great mercantile marine, to bear our flag and our goods to all the markets of the world. It will be still better to extend the same principle to our manufacturing industries, so as to utilize for our own use our own raw products and to make this nation sufficient unto itself, at least to a much larger degree than it is at present, in material for its mills as well as in food for its people.

AUTHORSHIP OF THE SHERMAN ACT

We have received the following letter from Mr. George M. Powell, attorney-at-law, of Jacksonville, Florida:

Sir,—I note on page 345 of your September number that you challenge the reported statement of Senator Kern (that the Sherman Anti-trust Law, as it was finally passed, was written by Senator Hoar of Massachusetts) as being both incorrect and ridiculous.

Owing to the fact that I have been a constant reader of your magazine for some time past, and as such have gained great confidence in the accuracy of your statements, and owing to the additional fact that I have been laboring, myself, under the impression that Senator Hoar was the

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real author of the Sherman Law, I beg leave to request that you kindly give me, at your convenience, the name of the person whom you suppose wrote the law, and, if convenient, the foundation for your belief that the person mentioned wrote it. My opinion was based upon the statement to be found on page 2 of Mr. Albert H. Walker's *History of the Sherman Law*, published in 1910, from which the following quotation is taken:

"The Sherman bill was never enacted into law, but Senator Sherman in drawing and introducing that bill, and afterward in powerfully advocating its passage upon the floor of the Senate, initiated and carried far forward the movement which resulted, in the summer of 1890, in the passage by both Houses of Congress and the approval by President Harrison, of a more elaborate and comprehensive statute, which in the mean time was drawn by Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, and was substituted for the Sherman bill with the cordial approval of Senator Sherman. Inasmuch as Senator Sherman was the originator of the proposed legislation and was its leading advocate in Congress, the resulting statute has always been known as the Sherman Law, although the language of that law was written by Senator Hoar and was adopted by both Houses of Congress, without any amendment, as a more comprehensive and accurate expression of the Congressional purpose than the briefer bill which had been written by Senator Sherman himself, and introduced by him on December 4, 1889."

I am, sir,

GEORGE M. POWELL.

Subsequent to the publication of *The History of the Sherman Act—i. e.*, on July 21, 1911—the author, Mr. Albert H. Walker, addressed the following communication to Senator Moses E. Clapp:

In pursuance of your request, I submit the following report of the results of my investigations in the office of the Secretary of the Senate and in the room of the Senate Judiciary Committee, relevant to the authorship of the Sherman Law of July 2, 1890.

That statute was drawn in the Judiciary Committee in the latter part of March and the first part of April, 1890. It was based on the bill which Senator Sherman introduced as Senate Bill I, early in December, 1889, but Senator Sherman took no part in framing the substitute, which was drawn by the Judiciary Committee. That committee was composed of Senators Edmunds, Ingalls, Hoar, Wilson of Iowa, Evarts, Coke, Vest, George, and Pugh. All of its members participated in the consideration of the framing of the statute as it was reported by the Judiciary Committee, which is the exact form in which it was enacted and was approved by President Harrison July 2, 1890.

The eight sections of the statute were written by the following Senators, in the following proportions:

Senator Edmunds wrote all of sections 1, 2, 3, 5, and 6, except seven words in section 1, which seven words were written by Senator Evarts. Those are the words, "in the form of trust or otherwise."

Senator George wrote all of section 4. Senator Hoar wrote all of section 7, and Senator Ingalls was the author of section 8.

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The statements of chapter II of Walker's *History of the Sherman Law*, relevant to the authorship of that statute, were based on all the published information which had ever been printed when that book was written by me in 1910. But my personal investigation of the original records of the Senate has resulted in ascertaining that the credit of the authorship of that historic statute should be distributed as it is distributed in this communication. ALBERT H. WALKER.

This communication appeared in the *Congressional Record* of August 2, 1911, when Mr. Kern was a member of the Senate, and was reprinted in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for December, 1911.—EDITOR.

VARIOUS VIEWS

MR. C. V. BOWMAN writes from Boston:

I have read with great interest "Europe at Armageddon" in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

I notice you favor neutrality on the part of the Americans. This is right and proper. However, it appears to me that you do not adhere strictly to that principle in the article. You show your readers why Servia could not accept the terms laid down by Austria. But you do not explain why Austria felt obliged to make so severe demands upon Servia. By presenting only one side of the questions involved you are not doing justice to both parties and you do not prove yourself to be neutral. As American citizens let us be fair to all nations now struggling in this most unfortunate war.

On page 345 you say: "The American people may err in holding the Kaiser chiefly responsible for wanton warfare," etc. Can you really speak for the American people in this respect? A very large number of Americans do not hold the Kaiser nor any other ruler responsible for "wanton warfare."

I have no personal interest in any of the nations at war nor have I any grudge against any of them. But I am interested in justice and fair play. In this we Americans ought to excel. Let us keep on practising.

(1) If our esteemed correspondent had not restricted his reading of the September REVIEW to the editorial articles, he would have found Austria's case set forth at length and authoritatively by her distinguished Ambassador to these United States. (2) As a simple matter of fact, not necessarily of right, we think there is no doubt that American public opinion holds the Kaiser chiefly responsible for the beginning of the great war. England has seen to that. (3) Maintenance of a neutral attitude does not necessarily involve prohibition of expression of opinion. Interchange of views fairly presented, indeed, is essential to understand-

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ing. For example, Mr. William S. Bausemer writes from Baltimore:

In the September REVIEW you show with characteristic clearness that the European war started "because Servia was reluctant to repudiate her own sovereignty; and Austria was unwilling to have an international dispute composed according to the terms of a treaty of which she herself was a signatory."

May I suggest a basic reason for Austria's intolerance of anything short of absolute compliance with her demands?

In the Teuton Empires an obsession exists for territorial expansion to the Ægean—with the political and commercial possibilities ensuing. As to this aspiration, called in the vernacular the *Drang nach Osten*, the German-American Chamber of Commerce, the writers of "The Truth About Germany," and the fulminating German college professors are just now eloquently silent.

This territorial trend, begun with the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908, was halted, at the close of the Balkan War, by the expansion of Servia over her lands reclaimed from the Turks. At that juncture the best the diplomats of the two Kaisers could do was to set up a trouble-breeder in the Balkan midst by creating the uncalled-for kingdom of Albania. Thus Greece was prevented from reasserting sovereignty over her people living in the southern part of this new kingdom; Servia was deprived of a sea outlet, and Montenegro of her dearly won Scutari.

Russia, England, and France all patiently allowed Austria to create this useless state—with the knowledge that she would Austrianize it as much as possible. The limitations of the Balkans were even then not satisfactory to the Vienna and Berlin chancelleries. Servia still lay across the path Ægeanward. Hence *Servia delenda est.* Her obliteration was requisite for the continuance of expansion plans. That meant war. To bring about war was simple. Accuse the Servian Government of being an accessory to the murder at Serajevo, and proceed to "execute" it.

Mr. Asquith has declared this war to be waged by the Allies "to vindicate the principle that small nations are not to be crushed, in defiance of international good faith, at the arbitrary will of a strong and overmastering power."

The Russians would indeed have been "barbarous" if they had supinely stood by and had suffered the destruction of their Serb kinsmen.

Negotiations were still proceeding between Russia and Austria (of British "White Paper") when Germany declared war, and jumped her army into unsuspecting Belgium. German officials acknowledge that France was to be "finally disposed of," and it is apparent that her extra-European territory was to be taken from her. Is such scheme merely one to free Germany from the terror of slow, unwieldy, incapable Russia? This brings us to the general query as to Teuton aggression. No less a personage than the King of Italy convicts Germany and Austria of this. The revelation to him at the outset of the war of their aggrandizing aspirations, in which he was urged to share, caused him to exclaim that he would be bartering away the honor of his country by joining in their war.

Finally, to get at the real aggressor, we have but to consider which of the European nations are territorially contented, and which are territorially restive. It is needless to refer to the various straws that in the last fifteen

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years have shown how the winds of German land lust were blowing. The equivocal conduct of the German fleet when Dewey was in Manila Bay (quickly followed by German acquisition of the neighboring Caroline Islands), the intrusion at Agadir, all show her imperious desire for more territory and colonies under any pretext.

It is deplorable that the German War Lords cannot find sufficient gratification of ambitions in the magnificent achievements of their nations in science, industry, and commerce—in short, in all the arts of peace. Prussian militarism has been only too skilfully grafted upon the national life. Let us hope the intrinsically excellent German people will now discover that this incubus renders their country the "barbaric" member in the family of nations; that her own crushing armaments set the pace for the other powers; that it is not jealousy of Germany's material successes, but fear of her desire for aggrandizement at the expense of her neighbors, that keeps up this incessant military striving.

That is Mr. Bausemer's opinion. Then here is another from Mr. Welles Cone, of New York:

I have read and pondered your papers, and I am bound to say that nothing has appeared in contemporary literature for masterly grasp of the subject to equal them. Maine in her election yesterday corroborated your statements and thereby stamps you as a political prophet. That was discounted by your remarkable forecasts regarding the elevation of Woodrow Wilson to the Presidency of the Republic. Those forecasts, appearing in cold type and being fulfilled to the letter, were remarkable. I walked from here to Franklin Square to procure early copies of the REVIEW to place in the hands of "Gifford's Brother Amos," mentioned in your "Our Colonel" paper. I take pride and pleasure in circulating the documents. I hope you will favor the eager reading public with additional papers upon the all-engrossing world conflict now destroying, let us hope, the great "military menace" of Europe and the world. No one else writes with such a trenchant pen.

That is Mr. Cone's opinion, shared, we cheerfully misdoubt, by Gifford's Brother Amos, whom he befriended.

COMMENT

The Maine election signified little beyond the breaking up of the Progressive party. The Democrats carried the State because the opposition was divided, but their total vote was 5,916 less than in 1912 as against an increase of 5,314 opposed. In other words, they polled only 43 per cent. of the total as contrasted with 47.7 per cent. two years ago. The party cannot bear up for long under such victories. Nor is much comfort to be derived from the fact that the Republicans re-elected their three Congressmen in

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spite of a Progressive vote of 17,028. It should be remembered, too, that Mr. Roosevelt, who conducted a vigorous personal canvass, cannot cover the entire United States during October. In point of fact, very few Progressive candidates for Congress will appear at all as compared with two years ago. So far as Maine is concerned, it is the old story: Republican gain 30,000, Progressive loss 31,000, Democratic loss 6,000. And yet the total Democratic vote for Congress was 700 larger than the total Republican vote,—hardly enough to write home about, but sufficient—if duplicated generally throughout the country. "Up and at 'em!" the Progressive chief is now shouting through Kansas. Good old Colonel!

The new Attorney-General, Mr. Thomas W. Gregory, well earned his promotion by his admirable conduct of the Government's case against the New Haven Railway monopoly. He is, moreover, as a lawyer of the first class, and the possessor of an abundance of a common sense, excellently equipped for the performance of his arduous tasks. We doubt if the President could have found a wiser counselor or a more worthy successor of Mr. McReynolds.

If it be a fact, as the Kaiser informed one of his regiments, that "we must ascribe all our successes to the God of our fathers," to whom should be attributed the recent German reverses? Can it be possible that the impudent old Devil has the audacity to take a hand in holy warfare?

We venture to take this opportunity of again suggesting that President Wilson should approach the German Emperor and ask him for a plain declaration of what his intentions are with regard to all the treaties signed on his behalf at The Hague.—*The Spectator.*

No, thank you; let the Emperor's Cousin George do it!

The President of the United States must maintain a sober and dignified demeanor, of course, at all times, but if Woodrow Wilson did not experience some difficulty in keeping a straight face when he read from Francisco Villa, "I

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respectfully salute you as General-in-Chief of the Division of the North," we shall have to guess again.

We record as a noteworthy event the shy but firm reappearance of Our Colonel on the first page after this fashion:

DOINGS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Theodore Roosevelt will be on hand to-morrow for a gathering of Progressive candidates and leaders. He will leave on Thursday for the West.

The New York *Evening Post* did it.

We have to assume that Secretary Bryan sees in the success of Mr. Roger Sullivan in the Democratic primaries of Illinois further confirmation of the high merit of popular primaries.

Did Mr. Marshall have any one in mind for a running mate when he proposed Mr. Wilson for renomination?

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FUNDAMENTAL ASPECTS OF THE WAR

BY ROLAND G. USHER

It is easy to enumerate the steps by which a general war emerged from Austria's attack upon Servia. Russia speedily came to Servia's assistance; France at once began preparations for mobilization; Germany declared war on Russia; France mobilized in earnest; and Germany, without a declaration of war, invaded France and Belgium; England promptly delivered an ultimatum. So much is quickly said. Yet why was Russia willing to risk blood and treasure to protect Servia? Why did France, Germany, and England declare themselves "necessarily" involved because Russia and Austria were quarreling over Servia? An obvious but entirely insufficient answer is that existing alliances and treaties bound them to support one another. All these are but the counterfeit presentments of greater things behind, and it is the fundamental aspects of the European crisis we must study if we are to reach a satisfactory explanation.

The most significant and important single factor is that commonly denoted by the familiar but vague term, the balance of power. In last analysis this is simply the accident of geography. Unlike the United States, Europe is divided into certain rather well-defined districts by the great mountain chains which long furnished an almost insuperable barrier to regular intercourse—Spain is cut off by the Pyrenees, Italy by the Alps, Austria-Hungary by the Alps and Carpathian chain, France by the Alps and the Vosges. In the United States, where the mountain chains run north and south in an enormous area which the movement of population has *crossed from east to west,* no permanent geographical barrier was possible. In the United States isolation is impossible; we have not even separation. In Europe there is separation, but not isolation. If the isolation were complete, there would be fewer undesirable consequences. These geographical districts are connected by smaller dis-

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tricts easily entered from either of two countries, and sometimes, as in the cases of Belgium and Switzerland, accessible to three or more. The history of Europe has been a struggle of the various countries to obtain possession of these strategic places---Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and the like—for the country which held one or more of them dominated and threatened the very independence of the adjacent countries. Eventually, after centuries of struggle, certain few of these places were made neutral and denied in possession to all countries; certain others (like Roussillon) were admitted to be necessary to the independence of some nation, and were by common consent left in its hands. The balance of power means simply that each nation must not attempt to expand beyond its natural geographical limits by the absorption of one or more of these strategical places or by seizing part of its neighbor's territory. When this takes place—as in the German occupation of Alsace-Lorraine—one nation becomes stronger than it ought to be and disturbs the balance of power. The possession of such strategic places has more than once in the past given the possessor so decided an advantage as to render desperate the chances of the state threatened. To seize one of them has been commonly considered in Europe for centuries the declaration of an intention to overturn the political boundaries of Europe and establish the domination of the aggressor. The invasion of Belgium is the traditional move in European wars of aggression. The Germans are treading upon the heels of Charles V., of Louis XIV., of Napoleon Bonaparte.

To this peculiar geographical configuration, which finds no counterpart on the globe, is joined as a cause of this present war the accident of history. Within these natural geographical entities have grown up nations, differing from one another in language, religion, and institutions. Between these various countries we find all sorts of bonds and all varieties of antipathy. Some seem always to have hated one another, others have seen during the centuries periods of affection and periods of estrangement, many of which we can partially account for by the accident of history, but none of which we really understand in the least degree. In the difference of blood, however slight, the accident of political association, the difference between life on one side of a mountain range and on the other, lie the fundamental causes of the political affiliations of Europe. With its geography and

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with the wars and conquests which have succeeded from the one and the other, the whole skein has finally become so tangled that the actual thread of causation, if such there ever was, is lost from sight beyond a peradventure.

We must not minimize, however, the part which history is playing at this present moment. We are not dealing in this war with a question entirely of profit and loss, contemplated by that bloodless monstrosity the economic man without passion and without personal interest save that of monetary gain. We have not to do with an issue created by reason and enforced by the logic of the schools, a war which pedants could justify by syllogism and the methods of scholastic philosophy. Still less have we to explain a war brought on solely by the brute passions of man, the reckless daring of the adventurer, the criminal eagerness for plunder of the pirate. We see sober, keen-thinking, public-spirited men declaring advisedly that there is no recourse but war.

The fact is that we are dealing with life and not with abstractions, with men and not with automatons of political economy or of ethical enthusiasts. Which of us attempts to justify by logic, ethics, and political economy the tenth part of his every-day existence or could honestly declare that he had made by virtue of them alone the chief decisions of his life? What the individual does not ordinarily do, great communities are not capable of doing.

We are dealing here, in reality, with those inarticulate convictions, those unspoken and unrealized resolves, those unconscious stimuli to thought and action which have descended to us from the past and which form so large a proportion of our mental being. We have not made ourselves; we have merely modified somewhat the mental and physical fabric bequeathed to us. The hands are ours, but the voice and the resolve are those of our ancestors. Nor can we divide the one from the other, trace this conviction to its source and that impulse to its original cause. So of great nations. In the corporate life of the community, the present generation is but a moment of time; its conscious resolve but a fleeting thought across the great mind of that nation. A people actually capable of deciding for themselves would be a people without a corporate past. The strongest convictions are often those we cannot explain nor rationally defend. Hence economic theory, ethics, and logic are futile in crises which are usually decided more by the inarticu-

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late convictions of nations than by their conscious thoughts. There are things more precious than gold, more sought than rubies; there are shifts and devices for which even those dull clods who never had a conscious thought of their own unhesitatingly and cheerfully choose death. They die not to themselves, but for the future; they look not to the accumulation of present wealth, but to the perpetuation of the spiritual body of the nation. Let us not, in our anxiety to put an end to war, close our eyes to the *explanation* of the phenomena before us. Let us not, in our attempt to rationalize and organize life, deny the existence and operation of its chief motive forces.

From this accident of geography which shaped the face of Europe, and this accident of history which formed the nations that occupy it, have come the fundamental factor in their relationship, a mutual distrust. No nation wholly trusts another. The exigencies of the situation may at any moment cause her to trust one more than another, but none of them can forget the occasions in the past when each has suffered from the other's disregard of solemn treaties, and from the other's aggression. The political history of Europe is the story of the attempts to destroy now this nation, now that. The strategical geography of Europe affords the aggressor better opportunities than does the geography of other continents. Now England is laying waste France and crowning her King at Paris; now Louis is harrying Germany and assailing Spain; now Peter the Great is assailing Prussia; now the Germans are besieging Paris. If men had kept their promises, if men had not been covetous, if men had been good Christians, there had been no wars in the past. The nations of Europe are now at war partly because the past has taught them by a too bitter experience that they possess almost unlimited possibilities of injuring one another, and each cannot trust the others not to take advantage of it.

To this legacy of the past we must add the belief on the part of the Triple Entente—England, France, and Russia—in a far-reaching scheme of aggression aimed at all three by Germany and Austria—Pan-Germanism.

The problem, as the Germans and Austrians visualize it (assuming as many do that these are the views of officialdom), is that of a state, restricted in area, without natural defenses, strategically weak because of Russia on one side and France on the other. The position is dangerous at best,

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for Germany might be crushed by her two traditional foes, who would then make short work of Austria. Such a state, however, whose population is increasing at a rapid rate, runs an even greater danger unless it is constantly expanding its economic structure to provide work for the new hands and brains. Emigration of those unable to find employment means a decrease of the rate of growth compared to that of Russia, who has unlimited area in which to place her new population for many decades to come, a concomitant decrease in the growth of the army as compared to Russia's, and, slowly but inevitably, military weakness, defeat by Russia, and national death.

On the other hand, before Germany and Austria can keep at home these hundreds of thousands of new souls each year, they must provide work for them without compelling the existing workers to share theirs with the upcoming generations. Germany and Austria must not only be large, but prosperous; their people have a right not only to liberty, but to comfort. The creation, so to speak, of so much new work annually means the expansion of German and Austrain trade and industry at a phenomenal rate, and means that they must sell somewhere at a fair profit what these thousands of new hands make each year, as well as what the millions of older hands produce. To fail to sell at a profit spells, beyond question, commercial stagnation, men out of work, starvation, death, or emigration, and the long chain leading to defeat by Russia and the humiliation or destruction of the nation.

But there are in Europe no markets of such a character. On the contrary, Europe in general is facing much the same problem. The outside markets in Africa and Asia, where the teeming population can be educated yearly in a variety of new economic wants, are practically monopolized by England and France, who point to treaties, agreements, and the like conferring upon them the " right " to this trade so far as other European nations are concerned. The Germans insist that they were not parties to any such agreements and have now as much right to a share in the trade as the English or French had in the beginning. They demand their " place in the sun," their " manifest destiny." Inasmuch as they believe that a failure to reach these Eastern markets will end in their national death, they declare the methods they propose to undertake to obtain access to them purely defensive,

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and insist that the issue is forced upon them by England and France. "The sword is being forced into our hands."

Provision had first to be made for the preservation of such position, unsatisfactory as it might be, as Germany then held. A great army was brought into existence and diligently trained, large enough to terrify both France and Russia and cause them to hesitate long before attempting an assault upon it. The army is not an offensive weapon, the Germans have insisted again and again; it is purely a deterrent. Then, as the English fleet controlled the Channel through which German merchant-ships must pass, Germany created a fleet large enough, as she thought, to terrify the English and cause them to fear the outcome of an action. Only thus could they keep the Channel open to their commerce, only thus provide new work for the new hands. The fleet, too, was purely a measure of self-preservation. They must defend themselves by taking the offensive, the "defensive-offensive," as they like to call it; they ward off blows by striking first.

Blows there must be; they have long been convinced of it. This war is "inevitable"; they were forced into it by the superior commercial position and economic power of England and France. If ever the markets of the East were to be open to them, they must fight the present masters. In short, Germany and Austria have concluded that they must have at least a part of what England, France, and Russia have, and that they cannot get it without a great struggle. If a war must come, they desire to assure themselves by it a new position which will not be as vulnerable as their present position is, nor yet as vulnerable as they think that of their enemies is. Short of England's utter annihilation, they cannot hope to wrest from her entirely the control of the sea and so insure their access to Africa and Asia by water. Her routes thither they already despise as a hopelessly long chain of weak links. There must be a new state created out of the nations of Teutonic blood, who will take into their hands the strategic places most necessary to them.

A great confederation is projected comprising Germany, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Hungary, the Balkans, Turkey, Asia Minor, a new world-state bounded by the North Sea and the Persian Gulf, the Baltic and the Mediterranean. Stretching diagonally across Europe to the East, it will furnish an all-rail route from

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Berlin and Vienna to the Persian Gulf and India. Already the last section of the Baghdad Railroad from Constantinople to Baghdad is under construction, and the all-rail connection will soon be an actuality. Thus would be established an empire, contiguous in territory, more homogeneous in population, language, religion, institutions, than those of Alexander, of Cæsar, of England, capable of being knit together into the mightiest state known in human history. Its structure and its position would insure it long life; its enemies would have been humbled and weakened by the process of its erection; its size and wealth would for many generations form a bar to the advance of the Slav and insure the safety of Europe from the awakened China and India. France would be confined within "her natural boundaries"; England would be robbed of her present position by the change in the commercial and political axis of the world. No longer would the Channel and the Mediterranean be significant, no longer would the sea be mistress of the land.

We cannot too often repeat that to the German and the Austrian this is purely self-preservation; not, indeed, of the Germany and Austria that now are, but the effective pledge of the *continuance* of their present rate of growth in population, in wealth, in education, in culture, in prosperity. The rate of progress of the last thirty years they mean to make normal; its retardation seems to them the equivalent of national extinction.

We need not, however, quibble over terms until we conceal from ourselves (as the German obviously hopes we will) the fact that this self-preservation, defensive-offensive and the like, means a war of aggression upon France, England, and Russia. Germany and Austria mean to take from their enemies what they now have by force of arms, unless, of course, France, England, and Russia had preferred simply to surrender without a contest as much as Germany and Austria thought it "essential" for them to take.

The lineaments of Pan-Germanism are stamped all over the present war. Turkey long ago fell into German hands; the Baghdad Railway is nearly finished; the navy and army in Germany and Austria have both been developed by leaps and bounds to an overweening size. The second Balkan War threw Bulgaria into the hands of Austria. There remained now one essential step in securing control of the Balkans, the weakening and overwhelming of Servia, and,

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if possible, its annexation. That done the chain of the Confederation would be complete. The assault on Servia, moreover, created an issue which, while clearly one over which a general war might be fought, presented a specific question to England and France which either or both could have declared insufficient ground for war without open loss of national honor. The one was busy with Ulster; the other was not thought ready to fight. The Austrians and Germans have obviously counted much on the extent to which their adversaries will be crippled by internal dissensions. England and France could thus evade the issue without openly confessing they were afraid to fight. Russia would not dare fight alone. If the Triple Entente thus allowed them to overrun Servia and complete the Confederation, it would prove that the Confederation was already recognized as master of the situation, and then the remainder of the scheme could be executed little by little, or faster as might seem expedient.

If the Triple Entente decided to try the issue by war, the sword would have been "forced into the hands" of Germany and Austria and they would calmly do their duty by God and their country. In fact, the general opinion outside of Germany and Austria declares unanimously that from the moment the Servian crisis appeared both Austria and Germany pressed the issue upon the Triple Entente in a form which the latter could not refuse without shameful cowardice, and, while obviously anxious to compel Russia and especially France to take the first hostile steps, they were determined that the war should be begun without delay.

We have heard much of late about the frightful cost of armaments; the terrible character of modern warfare has been cited as evidence that we should never again have a general European war. Such agencies were too destructive to be used for the settlement of quarrels between civilized nations. Every statement of that nature is true. But reason, logic, and ethics, loss of human life, and the expenditure of resources have necessarily failed to prevent a war of pure aggression whose causes lie deep in the accident of geography and history, and in the national antipathies created by fifteen hundred years' emulation.

ROLAND G. USHER.

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SOME EARLY LESSONS OF THE WAR

BY A. MAURICE LOW

SIXTEEN years ago a ponderous work on a highly technical subject was the book of the hour, and to-day I wonder how many persons remember Jean de Bloch's *The Future of War?* M. de Bloch's imposing work in six bulky volumes lies before me. It is no mere treatise on the gentle art of slaughtering one's fellow-man. Its title, *La Guerre Future aux points de vue technique, économique et politique,* is sufficiently comprehensive to show the elaboration and detail with which the author viewed his subject.

Bloch based his conclusions on a few fundamental propositions that are of peculiar interest to-day. At the time he wrote the world knew nothing of modern war. The effect of modern weapons on the *morale* of the combatants, the destruction they were capable of, and the cost of a war between two or more first-class military powers were questions of intense interest to the speculative mind, but speculations only. The last great war under approximately modern conditions was fought twenty-eight years before Bloch's book appeared, but in that little more than a quarter of a century the art of war had made enormous strides. The Prussian needle-gun and the French mitrailleuse—that wonderful instrument of destruction to which the French so blindly pinned their faith—were toys compared with what ingenuity had devised during the years when inventors and scientists worked to be ready for the next conflict; and in the sixteen years that have elapsed since Bloch wrote, every year has seen greater improvements. So fast and furious has been the competition that all the Great Powers have armed and rearmed their forces half a dozen times, the explosive effects of powders have been enormously increased, a new arm has been brought into existence, and the dirigible and the aeroplane play a part Bloch could not conceive.

Basing his conclusions on the facts then known, Bloch

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asserted that another great war between industrial nations would be impossible because, unless the war was speedily ended, the countries engaged would be bankrupt. He further held that the range and precision of modern weapons had rendered obsolete the former tactics of offense. Given two armies of relatively equal strength, and the attacking army would be unable to make a frontal assault, as it would be annihilated before it came to close quarters, and the enemy, fighting under the cover of intrenchments, could only be dislodged by vastly superior numbers and a series of flanking engagements. But after the enemy was dislodged its opponent would be so spent and exhausted that it would be incapable of pursuit and driving home the attack. The enemy would be defeated but not destroyed; it would have time to take a new position and behind fresh intrenchments again be prepared to do battle. A great many persons believed that Bloch was right, that the expense in blood and treasure and the industrial prostration from which the victor would suffer no less than the vanquished made war impossible, and that the great armaments and the enormous sums spent on their upkeep were simply a gigantic bluff. Every nation was afraid of every other, every nation was trying to outdo every other, but no nation intended to set its military machine in motion. So thoroughly was this believed that ignorance coined an aphorism for the shelter of indifference—"to be prepared for war is the surest means of avoiding war." That lesson of fatuousness has now been learned.

The Boer War and the Russo-Japanese War to a considerable extent discredited Bloch's theories; the present war, up to the present time, has shown that in its elementary principles there is no difference between war in the twentieth century and war twenty centuries ago. The same elements exist, the same qualities tell. The problem has become more complicated, as every problem becomes more complicated with the crowning of the centuries and the complexities of civilization, but fundamentally the problem is the same.

It is too early to discuss the technical phases of the campaign, as the data now available is insufficient, but it is not too soon to understand certain outstanding facts. Chief among them is that to-day, as in the past, the main strength of an army is its infantry, and as the Athenians at Marathon relied on their foot soldiers armed with spear and

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sword, and the English at Crecy on their archers with their cloth-yard shafts, so all of the seven contending nations have staked their hazard on the infantry. The artillery has prepared the way, as it always has since artillery ceased to be merely stones slung from catapults and became a scientific weapon, but few battles in the long record of war have been won by artillery, and no battle has been lost until the infantry were put out of action. Bloch's belief that it would be impossible to send infantry against intrenched troops has been disproved, and the bayonet has again been vindicated.

On the theory that the precision and long-range effectiveness of the modern rifle had ended hand-to-hand fighting, the bayonet seemed a useless weapon and only an encumbrance to the soldier, as much an anachronism as chain armor, which might turn a sword thrust, but would not stop a bullet. The Spanish War was the first war to be fought under modern conditions, and many American officers considered the bayonet an unnecessary part of the soldier's equipment, although it was tolerated, partly for its tradition, and as being useful perhaps to open tins of meat and in an emergency to serve as an intrenching tool. As an intrenching tool the bayonet was valueless, and as a can-opener it was unwieldy, but it had lost none of its importance when the charge was sounded and cold steel came to play. In the Boer War the bayonet came into its own, and the Japanese proved its worth repeatedly. At the beginning of the Boer War the Lancers went into action with their historic weapon, but they were heavily handicapped fighting at long range against men able to come to close quarters, and the lance was abandoned for the sword, which enabled the English cavalrymen to come breast to breast with their antagonists, to cut and thrust and not to be held off the length of the staff while their antagonists could get under their guard. The Boer War and the Russo-Japanese War proved that the decision of a battle depended upon the strength with which the assailant delivered the final blow, and that can only be done with the bayonet and the sword.

From the accounts made public of the present war there has been no change. Both sides have relied heavily on their artillery, which appears to have been handled with wonderful efficiency; in the same way that the size of armies has increased until the number of men engaged in battle is staggering, so the guns have multiplied, and, in addition to

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the field artillery, infantry and cavalry have machine-gun sections; but after the artillery has delivered its fire the infantry has been thrown against opposing infantry, sometimes intrenched, and at other times without protection, to drive them from the field if they were able, to be driven back if the assault was too feeble. In these encounters men have fought hand to hand, bayonet against bayonet, clubbed rifle against clubbed rifle, sword against sword. Murderous as gun and rifle fire is, unless a regiment is exterminated in a few minutes the men must go forward, and after having passed through the short-range zone of fire the rifle becomes useless. It is at this moment that national characteristics tell and race psychology is the deciding factor. The soldier becomes an individual. He ceases to be a unit, a member of a section or a company; there is no longer an officer to direct him. He must be his own man, rely on his own strength, emboldened by his own courage. Troops that can stand punishment in masses may go to pieces when driven on the bayonet. Dogged determination, *élan,* an imagination so stunted that it can grasp only one idea, and that is the necessity to hack a way through, are the qualities that count when a position is to be carried by storm.

Another lesson this war has taught is the value of mobility. That was to me the striking moral of the Boer War. In the early days of the campaign the British suffered reverses because they fought on foot and the Boers were mounted, which gave a smaller force the priceless advantage of being able to select the time and place of attack, and the element of surprise was always on their side. When the British understood this they turned defeat into victory. A flying column of mounted men under General French (the present Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in France) marched ninety miles under a tropical sun in a little over four days, fought two minor engagements, forced Cronje hastily to retire from Kimberley and later surrender, and so weakened Joubert in front of Ladysmith that Buller was able to raise the siege. The successes of the Germans during the month of August, and until they were checked in front of Paris, were in a large measure owing to their mobility. They made surprising progress, and it was possible because of the perfection of their transport, which was largely self-propelled. At enormous cost—but military saving is the

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most costly economy—they had substituted the motor for the horse, and their supply-trains, instead of lumbering at a snail's pace far in the rear of the army, were always at its heels, its speed regulated only by that of the infantry. In the next war—and only idealists imagine this is the last war civilization will fight—it is safe to predict that the motor will play a still more important part, and infantry, instead of being worn out by marching, will be moved in motor trucks and arrive on the battle-field fresh and vigorous. Motor transportation will enable a commander to move his troops rapidly and place them at the point in his line where the attack is heaviest or the enemy shows signs of wavering.

The motor has entirely changed siege operations. Siege artillery now throws a weight of metal that a few years ago would have been regarded as impossible, that would, in fact, have been impossible, because the guns could not have been moved except under almost insurmountable difficulties; hundreds of horses would have been required, and their progress would have been painfuly slow. It was a simple operation for the Germans to bring up their howitzers mounted on " caterpillars " in front of Namur, and against the tons of metal thrown at a high angle the forts were powerless. That teaches another lesson. Faith placed in a fortress is clinging to a broken reed. A fort is useful as a base and valuable in giving support to a mobile army, but as the means of blocking the path of an enemy equipped with modern siege-guns, or with force large enough to " contain " it while the main army sweeps on, it is delusive. In 1870 the forts that were to defy the Germans were the French undoing. Metz, Strassburg, Toul, Sedan, were simply so many traps into which the French rushed. Fortunately for them, they have not clung to their fortresses in this campaign, and it is not unlikely that in the future the French will spend less on fortifications and more on their field armies, and plans of campaign for the next war will minimize the importance of these huge and costly stationary defenses.

If the war has taught anything, it has taught the value of military preparedness. Germany was ready to take the field immediately on the declaration of war. The covering troops on the French frontier were pushed forward at once, and without delay the supports were brought up while the

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mobilization rapidly proceeded. The French mobilization and concentration were much slower, and the way was open for the march of the German legions on Paris if Belgium had not thrown herself into the breach. For years we have heard about the efficiency of the German military machine—and its efficiency will not be questioned—but little has been heard of Belgian efficiency, and yet Belgium was as quick to respond as her more powerful neighbor. Her army was in the field well armed, well supplied, properly disposed at the first moment of contact, and Germany gained nothing by surprise; it was Germany who was surprised by the gallant defense of Liège. The whole course of the war, certainly in its earlier stages, would have been changed had Belgium not held the Germans at bay. Had the French been able to throw the bulk of their army into Belgium in the early days of August, and the British sent at the outset a quarter of a million men instead of the sixty thousand or so that did not get into action until the 22d, a battle might have been fought on the field of Waterloo that for the second time would have decided the mastery of Europe.

It was the German Emperor's belief that he could march through Belgium and France and be thundering at the gates of Paris in three weeks; that, having reduced or invested Paris, he could send the great bulk of his army by *Schnellzug* to the Russian border and deal with Russia at his leisure with the assistance of the million or more men Austria was to put into the field. It was Napoleonic, it was perfect, and it would have worked to perfection had not German efficiency been Germany's undoing. Belgium had taken Germany as a model and was ready, Russia had learned her lesson. Military experts declared it would take Russia, under the most favorable circumstances, at least a month to mobilize, and from two to three weeks to concentrate, so that if everything went well there must be a delay of from six to seven weeks before the great military machine of Russia was in motion, and the chances were it would be two months or more before East Prussia was in danger from Russia, and meanwhile she would have her hands full with Austria. That the Kaiser believed he had time to spare to complete his western campaign is shown by his having withdrawn all but two army corps from East Prussia, and so confident was Austria that she believed it safe to send two army corps to reinforce the German army ope-

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rating in Alsace. But Russia disarranged all calculations by completing both mobilization and concentration in three weeks, and as early as August 12th Russian troops entered Galicia, on the 20th they were in East Prussia, and on the same date they were engaged in a desperate battle with the Austrians in Poland. The surprise up to the time of the writing of this article has been the serious check given to the German advance by the Belgian resistance, and the celerity with which Russia assumed the offensive against both Germany and Austria.

The influence of sea power has again been demonstrated. The old lesson of history has again been learned that command of the sea makes a nation impregnable. Immediately following the declaration of war the British Navy drove the German Navy to the security of its fortified bases in the North Sea, and in two weeks the seven seas were swept bare of German commerce. The hundreds of thousands of tons of German shipping that the week before swarmed the oceans are to-day either tied up in German or neutral harbors or have been captured and taken as prizes to British and French ports. For the first ten days in August the great transatlantic liners ran irregularly, many of the ships having been withdrawn for transport purposes; since then many vessels have resumed their regular schedules, and British cruisers patrol the Atlantic from Halifax to the Channel, keeping the great trade route open, enabling Great Britain to feed her people with American foodstuffs, and sending her manufactures to American and other markets. There are a few German cruisers still at large in the Pacific and off the coast of South America, but they have done little damage and their capture is only a matter of time.

So long as Britain holds command of the sea Germany cannot win, and the moment Britain loses her control that moment Germany is victorious. Germany, like every other European country with the possible exception of Russia, is not self-contained, and is dependent upon other countries for foodstuffs and raw materials, but these she cannot procure. There are no longer German ships to bring commodities to German ports, neutrals with contraband run risk of seizure, and if trade in non-contraband springs up it will be ended by a blockade of German ports. So far Germany has contented herself with strewing mines in the North Sea, in

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the hope of destroying British naval vessels, but has refused a general fleet action. Some day, and soon, that action will have to be fought, for the German people will not allow the navy on which they have spent thousands of millions of marks to lie in safety behind the guns of land fortifications. When hunger is sharply felt throughout Germany, when factories are closed because the last bale of American cotton has been woven and the last ingot of South American copper has been used, when the misery of war is brought home by suffering and sickness, then the pressure of public opinion will force the Germany Navy to go out and fight, and the German Navy will fight and give a good account of itself no matter what odds it has to encounter. The battle that is yet to be fought in the North Sea will be one of the decisive battles of history, as epoch-making as was Effingham's victory over the Armada, which destroyed the naval power of Spain and freed England from the danger of invasion. On that battle hinges the fate of England or the future of Germany. It may not bring the war to an end, but it will decide it.

In the intervals between wars there is always produced a new weapon that it is believed will revolutionize military operations. The French in 1870 were confident that the mitrailleuse, throwing its stream of bullets by turning a crank, gave them a great initial advantage over Germany, but, although the machine-guns did heavy execution, they were not the decisive factor in the war. The French also believed that the *chassepot* was superior to the German rifle, but superiority in weapons could not offset superior strategy and tactics. The Spanish-American War was to afford the first test of the torpedo-boat, those hornets of the sea whose sting is fatal. It was not the Spanish battle-ships that American naval officers feared; they could be met in open fight and destroyed, but it was the haunting dread of a destroyer dashing out some dark night, firing its torpedo, and disappearing in the murk while the great vessel went to its doom; but, as we know, the Spanish torpedo-boats did no damage. The Russo-Japanese War was to prove the value of the submarine, the latest horror of naval warfare, but it was Admiral Togo's armored ships that penned up the Russians in Port Arthur and finally smashed Russia's naval power at the battle of Tsushima. What the submarine may do before this war is over we have yet to learn.

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Since two Americans taught the world to fly, the Germans have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars upon their air fleet, believing their gigantic Zeppelins would be one of their most powerful arms in the next war, a belief not shared in by other nations. The moral effect of the Zeppelin has been enormous, as great as the fear of the torpedo-boat and the submarine, and England at one time was thrown into a veritable panic by the alarming stories of German dirigibles flying over London, an object lesson kindly given by the German General Staff to show how easy it would be for a few hundred air-ships, or, for that matter, a few thousand—for what is a cipher to luxuriant fancy?—to drop bombs on the Bank of England, reduce London to ashes, destroy dock-yards and arsenals, and then leisurely send the British fleet to the bottom by raining tons of dynamite down the funnels of battle-ships; and a ton or two of dynamite in the vitals of a ship would seriously interfere with its internal economy. These dashing exploits are still in the future. Neither the Germans have claimed nor their opponents have admitted that the expensive and unwieldy air-ships have been of the slightest value as a weapon of offense. They took no part in reducing the forts at Liège and Namur, they have destroyed not a single man or gun on the field of battle, they have blown up no bridges, they have brought no harm to any ship, the great dock-yards and arsenals and depots of the allies have not been damaged by Zeppelin fire. All that they have done has been to violate the usages of civilized war by taking the lives of women and children in an open city, in wrecking houses, and doing some other minor damage, and in spreading panic. The same results could have been obtained, if they were worth attaining, by simpler and less costly means. I venture no opinion what the Zeppelins may do before the war is over. I simply record the fact that up to the present time they have not justified the great claims of their inventor.

The aeroplane, on the other hand, has more than realized expectations. The British and French General Staffs never placed any faith in the aeroplane as an offensive weapon, but regarded it of great value for scouting purposes. As a scout the aeroplane has superseded cavalry, and been able to obtain information no cavalry could secure, as the cavalry scouts were seldom able to break through the enemy's screen, and were forced to draw conclusions from long-range

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observations. From the aeroplane trained observers can see the whole theater of operations unrolled before them and bring to headquarters not hearsay information, but facts; the air scouts can ascertain the number and disposition of the enemy's forces; they can tell a commander where his own line is in danger or his antagonist is wavering; they can direct artillery fire. While the Zeppelins have thus far done none of the things expected of them, the Germans have been excellently served by their aeroplanes, in some respects, I believe, better than the French or English. There will undoubtedly be a large increase in the aerial divisions of all great armies. The importance of the aeroplane is one of the great lessons of the war.

But perhaps the greatest lesson of all, and withal the saddest, is the scant value to be attached to treaties, the little reliance to be placed upon the plighted word of kings, the mockery of rulers talking peace, peace, when there is no peace. To-day, as in the past, nations must rely on their own strength, on their courage, on their fortitude. Now, as since the dawn of creation, a people must suffer if it would preserve national existence, if it is to remain master of its destiny, if death is less to be feared than the conqueror. Belgium fighting to resist the aggressor, its right arm made strong as was that of David when he stood unafraid before Goliath, is a lesson the world will not soon forget, the old lesson of sacrifice, of heroic devotion; the lesson that arbitration treaties will not change nor peace pacts alter humanity. Condemn war as we may, the lesson of civilization is the ability of a nation to fight when not to fight would be dishonor and the loss of its cherished heritage.

A. Maurice Low.

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ITALY AND THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE

BY ROBERT H. FIFE, JR.

TEN or a dozen years ago all the prophets of a Continental war supposed that Italy would of course draw the sword with Austria and Germany. The confidence of these prophets received a shock, however, at the Algeciras Conference in 1906, where Triple Alliance should have faced Triple Entente unflinchingly in support of Germany's claims to a share of Morocco. Italy's wobbling on that occasion was a humiliating disappointment to the Foreign Office in Berlin, and for a long time the German papers were filled with bitter and caustic comments on the illoyalty of the southern ally. The same critics found about the same time other opportunity to accuse Italy of dangerous ogling, if not a guilty liaison with the Powers of the Triple Entente: in the year of Algeciras, Austria and Germany discovered and checkmated a scheme, most adroitly hatched between Russian and Italian interests, for the construction of a Danube-to-Adriatic railway, which should open the Balkans to peaceful penetration from the northeast, and to Italian trade and industry through Durazzo or some other harbor-terminus on the east coast of the Adriatic, where Italians swarm. It was jubilantly declared by the Paris and London papers that King Edward's wily plot to isolate Germany had won Italy away from the Teutonic-Magyar combination, and that the Triple Alliance would lose its tripartite character upon the expiration of the contract in 1914, unless, indeed, the exasperated Berlin and Vienna statesmen should denounce it before that time.

Those who foretold such an end to Bismarck's great league of peace were to be quickly undeceived. The Turko-Italian War of 1911 showed afresh what value the backing of the mid-continental Powers had for Italy's independence of action, and the Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913 found

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Italian and Austrian statesmen, backed by Germany's powerful support, working solidly together to prevent Servia from getting an outlet to the Adriatic, and to rob Slav and Hellene of a part of their hoped-for spoil by the erection of the independent state Albania. During the stress of her war with Turkey, Italy had already given notice to the world that she would renew her adhesion to the Triple Alliance, and she did, in December, 1913. It was said at the time that the peninsular state had secured modifications emphasizing the purely defensive character of the league; nevertheless, Italy's solidarity with Germany and Austria seemed less to be doubted than at any time for a decade.

The union of Italy with the two Teutonic states has always had something surprising and self-contradictory about it. While Germany and the Danube Monarchy—so long as it is ruled by Germans and Hungarians—must stand or fall together facing the Slavic danger, Italy's blood-relationships draw her in another direction. Her interests in the Balkans run with Russia's rather than with those of Austria and Germany, and her rivalry with Austria in the Adriatic is always acute. How is it, then, that the nation has ignored these rivalries and relationships and made common cause with the hated *Tedeschi,* who have since the days of the Visigothic invasion given so many wounds to Italian prosperity and pride? To answer this question one must look back more than thirty years to a period when the young Italian kingdom was still struggling to secure its position among the Powers of Europe.

In 1879 Bismarck had concluded the alliance with Austria from fear of the Russian power and a desire to keep the newly forged German Empire independent of the Czar. It was the need for mutual guarantees against French hostility that three years later brought Germany and Italy together. United Germany and united Italy had in a measure undergone their baptism of fire together. It is true that after the French and Italian forces had defeated Austria at Solferino in 1859 and the whole of Venetia lay open before the liberators, Prussian diplomacy stayed the hand of Napoleon III. and delayed for seven years the redemption of all of northern Italy from the Austrian yoke. But when the emancipation finally came, it came through Prussian help. As early as 1862 Bismarck sounded the court of Savoy as

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to what its attitude would be toward a joint war against Austria, and even less astute statesmen than Cavour foresaw that the development of Italy and Austria must henceforth go hand in hand. Thus it came about that Prussia and Italy had their common reckoning with the Hapsburg in 1866. Italy might indeed have been spared this war, had Victor Emmanuel been willing to accept Venetia when it was offered him at the last moment through the intermediary hand of France, and break his word to Prussia. The " Re Galanthuomo " refused, and his refusal set the seal on Italian and German friendship for a generation.

Something more was necessary, however, to drive Italy into a league with the ancestral enemy Austria. That something was, as we have seen, the fear of France. Like Germany, Italy began her national existence with a French mortgage. From Charlemagne to Napoleon III. the opposition of France had been the hardest obstacle to the union of the Italian states and the development of Italian interests. Even after the invasion of France by German troops in 1870 had recalled every available French soldier to defend his country and had forced Napoleon III. to leave the Pope to his fate, opening the Porta Piá at Rome to the *bersaglieri* of Savoy, a French warship remained at Civita Vecchia ready to rescue the Pope, if need be—remained there till 1875, when the final triumph of the bourgeoisie over the royalist and clerical parties in Paris at last relieved the young kingdom of Italy from the nightmare of a French war.

The French gunboat sailed away, but left in Italy bitter memories of generations of French interference in her affairs. The hatred which these engendered was kindled afresh when the Italian national spirit found itself checked by France in its expansion in the Mediterranean. In 1881 France spread a protectorate over another choice morsel of the disintegrating Ottoman Empire, Tunis, where there were and are normally twenty Italian residents to one Frenchman; and Italy recognized that only through an alliance with the great military Powers of central Europe could she get the backing which would protect her from being further outflanked. In the following year Victor Emmanuel visited Berlin and was received with enthusiasm by court and populace, and very soon thereafter the conclusion of the Triple Alliance was announced. The exact terms of the Alliance are unknown except to the diplomats of the three

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countries involved, but its purpose has often been officially explained as defensive and not aggressive, the three Powers guaranteeing one another in maintaining the territories which they hold. It has for more than thirty years been a powerful agent in securing peace to central Europe, and practically insured the young Italian monarchy against attack during the troubled decades of early national development.

Italy entered the Triple Alliance without enthusiasm, but with a very clear realization of the benefits which it would bring her. As the years went by, however, the *Dreibund* seemed less and less necessary to her national security. She had wished to protect herself from French pressure, and when with the fading of monarchical and clerical hopes in France this pressure diminished, there sprang up a strong party in the peninsula which looked for sympathy and support to Paris rather than to Berlin and Vienna. Like the great minister Crispi, not a few Italian leaders have been men of republican training and sympathies, to whom French republican institutions made a direct appeal. Popular sentiment for the blood-related Latin nation beyond the Maritime Alps has turned strongly on various occasions toward a league with the republic. England's friendship, too, has always been eagerly sought by Italian statesmen and people; and British sympathy and gold have ever been sponsors for Italy's position among the great Powers. To many great Englishmen, indeed, Italy has been a second homeland, and they have followed the struggles of the peninsular state with something more than neutral feeling. English and French naval bases flank the Italian coast, while Germany's boundaries nowhere touch Italy. Austria, on the other hand, having blocked the way to Italian unity as long as she could, still exerts herself to suppress every movement of racial patriotism in the three-quarters of a million Italians on the northeastern coast of the Adriatic and in the valley of the Adige. In the face of such conditions it is not to be wondered at that the Roman Cabinet, striving to build up a national consciousness in the midst of frightful economic difficulties and bitter party strife, followed a policy in international affairs which was often vacillating and often selfish, nor can one blame Italian statesmen if, as the Germans declare, their position toward the northern allies has been that of those who take all and give nothing in return.

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This trend of events first reached high-water mark at Algeciras. The Triple Alliance had become unpopular. The nation was slowly nursing plans for an attack on the Mohammedan world, and Italian statesmen inclined strongly toward some sort of an understanding with the Anglo-Russian entente. How far this understanding went at Algeciras is uncertain: Italy's opposition to Germany's proposals was more negative than positive; but Germany, facing an unsympathetic world, was extremely sensitive, and the German press teemed with the bitterest attacks on Italian faithlessness.

After the settlement of the Morocco question in the fall of 1911, however, Italian policy once more veered around. With a suddenness and a well-oiled organization which took the chancelleries of Europe completely by surprise Italy seized Tripoli, with this one act blocking French advance eastward along the African coast, placing herself astraddle of England's route to India, and giving a shock to Turkey which sent its thrills into the most distant valleys of Macedonia and Asia Minor. The last effects of this move on the Powers of the Triple Alliance cannot yet be measured. Its first result was a shock which echoed in every German and Austro-Hungarian newspaper as a cry of outraged amazement. Germany especially had for twenty years considered herself Turkey's sponsor in Europe. Her officers, the military authority Kolmar von der Goltz at their head, had reorganized Turkey's army, her statesmen and journals had condoned the crimes of Islam's fanatics in Cilicia and of Turkish political leaders in Macedonia and Albania. Indeed, in the days of misrule before the Young Turk revolution of 1908, Germany was the only land which seemed utterly deaf to the cry of distress from Armenian, Cretan, and Bulgar. And now after such championship to see the last remaining fragment of Moslem North Africa fall to Italy brought forth the bitterest attacks from journals which a few months before had been eloquently championing Germany's right to acquire southern Morocco! It is not surprising that the Italians did not turn the other cheek to the smiter. From the Alps to the Maltese Strait the old hatred of the *Tedeschi* flamed up with a truly Guelphic intensity. Memories of Austrian despotism in Lombardy and Venetia, slumbering lightly beneath half a century of independence, sprang into life and inspired hundreds of pens,

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from Gabriel d'Annunzio's to that of the humblest provincial journalist, to a vitriolic denunciation of German lies and Austrian treachery.

Never did the Triple Alliance prove its worth for Italy more than in this crisis, when the rapidly shifting scene showed that the danger to Italy's forward movement, in so far as it concerned the Mediterranean, lay to the westward. A series of irritating incidents which occurred with French ships carrying contraband made clear once more that the strongest opposition to Italy's expansion was still to be found in the same power which since Richelieu's day has considered a strong and united Italy incompatible with its own welfare. Italian statesmen anticipated the revulsion of feeling toward the allied states to the north. D'Annunzio's vitriolic ode was suppressed, too violent newspapers restrained, and the interchange of diplomatic visits between Berlin, Vienna, and Rome gave assurance that the three governments were in accord. Italy carefully refrained from any incitement of the Balkan peoples, and the war moved forward in the grooves which the friendly diplomacy of Austria had marked out. In the Triple Alliance Italy had the strongest guarantee that she would be permitted to keep her conquests without having to have her title revised by a court of unfriendly Powers, thus fulfilling the prophetic words of the Italian statesman Prinetti on the renewal of the Alliance in 1902: "If ever the present condition of affairs in the Mediterranean is disturbed, Italy will be sure of finding no one to stand in the way of her just ambitions."

A league of peace it has been for Italy within as well as without. Had it not been for this anchor the rivalry between Italy and Austria in the Adriatic and in Albania might long ago have brought matters between these two Powers to the decision of arms. It was directly due to the lack of aggressiveness of Italy's leaders in 1866 that the boundaries of their kingdom do not march with the Julian Alps, and that the continuance of an *Italia Irridente* in southern Tyrol and on the Adriatic remains a sore spot to Italian patriots. From a coast almost lacking in ports where even a coasting freighter can ride protected the Italian mariner looks over to a splendid succession of deep-water harbors from Trieste to Cattaro in Dalmatia, the natural outlet of his vigorous and fertile race. Italians as residents and immigrants swarm along the Istrian and Dal-

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matian coast and offer a perplexing problem to Austrian administration and diplomacy. Furthermore, Italy sought for years to extend her influence in Albania, and Italian statesmen once looked forward hopefully to a time when their country should be ready to extend a protectorate over at least the southern districts and coast of Albania. This of course ran directly counter to the plans of Austria, which for many years has sought by means of schools and religious institutions to draw the Christian inhabitants of northern Albania directly under her influence. The marriage of the present King Victor Emmanuel III. to the daughter of the doughty warrior-poet King Niklas of Montenegro increased the natural sympathy of the House of Savoy and the Italian people for this tiny state, which is such a thorn in the side of Austria and which, with a curious mixture of chivalry and barbarism, is ever ready to dig up the hatchet afresh. In the days before the recent Balkan wars, when the snow melted on the Albanian mountains in the spring and the bold tribesmen sallied forth to their annual campaign against Turkish misrule, they equipped themselves with Italian war-tools, brought over the Montenegrin mountains.

In these ethnic storms the Triple Alliance proved a strong anchor, and the Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913 seemed to knit Italy more firmly than ever to the northern Powers. Whatever her rivalry with Austria, Italy must view the entry of an aggressive Slavic state to the opposite shore of the narrow Adriatic as a mortal blow to her ambitions, and her suspicion of the Teuton was forgotten in the common danger. It were better to surrender for ever her hopes of political expansion in Albania and the Epirus than to welcome a new rival to her seas. The Italian Ambassador joined the representatives of the Triple Alliance at the London conference in depriving Servia of an Adriatic port and in forcing the Montenegrins out of Scutari. With Austria, Italy stood as joint sponsor for the new state Albania.

Nevertheless, neither the Italian statesmen nor people have ceased for a moment to doubt Austria's intentions. Italian war-ships have lain off Durazzo as interested observers of the struggle which Prince William of Wied has made to maintain himself on his tottering throne against the attacks of the Moslem Albanians. Essad Pasha, the arch-conspirator and the leader of the Mohammedans of Albania, found refuge in Italy after his expulsion from

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Durazzo; and the fact that the new Mpret had to fight with only hired troops and a few adventurers, while Austria has forbidden the recruiting of troops for his service in her dominions, points to rigid Italian watchfulness. Each of the jealous Powers would apparently rather see anarchy continue in Albania indefinitely than run the risk of permitting the other an advantage.

Another result of the Balkan wars which has made the backing of the Triple Alliance of the greatest importance to Italy is the rise of Grecian power. The Hellenic kingdom was shorn of her conquests in the Epirus by the London diplomats with Italy's earnest support. During the war with Turkey, Italy seized several of the Ionian islands, which under the treaty of Lausanne are to be returned to Turkey when all the terms of peace shall have been complied with. They have not yet been returned; and in the mean time Greece has occupied the other islands of the Ægean, and apparently intends to hold them, if possible. The islands now held by Italy are Hellenic in population and enthusiastically Greek in spirit; and while all welcomed the Italian when he freed them from the Turk, all yearn now to come under the Greek flag. Greece profited by the Balkan wars more than any other Power, and it is certain that so long as the fate of the islands in the Ægean is unsettled, Hellenic expansion threatens Italy's ambitions.

It is plain that since 1911 the Triple Alliance has been of the greatest possible assistance to Italian security and advancement. It is equally plain that, judging by the past, *sic rebus stantibus* must always be underlined in the case of the peninsular kingdom. Bismarck once said that all contracts between great nations ceased to be binding when they clashed with the struggle for existence. Italy, as has been pointed out, sees her progress girt with dangers on every side. Her western and southern coasts are washed by the home waters of French fleets; her position in the Adriatic and farther east can be maintained only by instant preparedness. The conquest of Tripoli still occupies her army and weighs upon her finances. The sons of her fertile loins are to be found in every zone of both hemispheres, where they may at any moment call upon the mother-land for protection. At home the Socialist organization wields a great power politically and is aided in industrial crises by a violent spirit of republicanism and anarchy which has repeatedly

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brought the government almost to the end of its resources. More than once in recent years a general strike has been organized in various parts of the peninsula with a success that was ominous, if only temporary. Last June, while the assassins of Franz Ferdinand were maturing the plot which was to set the world aflame, the Italian Government was almost at its wits' end to suppress the great railway strike, which had assumed revolutionary proportions and had, indeed, given rise to several miniature republics on the east coast, where the daring of the revolutionists succeeded for a time in isolating whole districts. To the traveler in Italy it seems that this nation, with its socialists and republicans, its struggles between free-thinkers and clericals, its anarchists, Camorra and Mafia, is hollow ground, undermined for a mighty social and political upheaval.

Any one who forms such an opinion, however, overlooks the tremendous patriotism for united Italy which in spite of all abstract theories binds free-thinkers and clericals, socialists, republicans and monarchists, together. There is something of Western bumptiousness, something of an American optimism, that fills the entire nation, from Cabinet Minister to *vetturino,* with a strong-surging faith in Italy's future and a determination that she shall take and hold her place in the concert of great Powers. There is no denying that thus far this optimism has been justified by events and that Italy has emerged stronger from every international crisis of recent years. Even the dreadful disaster to Italian arms in Abyssinia twenty years ago, when the colonial aspirations of the nation seemed crushed, was overcome and turned to valuable experience for the invasion of Tripoli.

These successes have been won and Italy has been able to maintain her place among the great Powers only by following a policy of intense selfishness toward allies as well as opponents. To keep her present position, even in times of peace, strains the resources of the peninsula well-nigh to the breaking-point. Italy is practically without coal, and its other mineral resources are extremely scanty. A large part of the land is unfit for tillage, and the provinces south of Naples demand a great deal of financial and scientific assistance before they can emerge from semi-barbarous methods of cultivation. In many of the rural communities of the southern half of the country the conditions of life are appalling in their want and misery: agriculture, schools,

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roads, and sanitation have made little progress in the half-century since Garibaldi and his Red Shirts drove out the Bourbons. In the entire rocky spine of the peninsula the comfort, even the living, of a considerable part of the rural population comes from money earned in Switzerland, France, England, and overseas. If ever a nation were justified in making sacrifices for peace, Italy can claim such justification; and in spite of the traditional tendency of the House of Savoy to undertake desperate adventures without counting the cost, the fact that the country has everything to lose by entering a conflict lays the hand of public opinion heavily upon the arm of those who would risk in war the hardly won and hardly kept goods of the people.

For public opinion is a stronger force in Italy than in either Germany or Austria, and public opinion has always regarded the Triple Alliance as a hard necessity. Scratch an Italian and you will find a deep-going and unique hatred of Austria. This is matched by a keen dislike for the Germans below the Alps, whether they be Germans from Germany or from Austria. This feeling is founded not merely upon the age-old interference of the Teutonic race in Italian affairs. The individual *Tedesco* is unpopular because of his thrift and success as a business man, and because of the abruptness with which he seeks to militarize the rounded outlines of the Italian character, unpopular most of all for the way in which he is taking possession of the commerce and industry of the peninsula. The educated Italian also resents what he considers German misconception of Italian character.

It is doubtful, indeed, if in the past two decades the German press and people have made any progress toward an understanding of Italy and its people. This ancient Teutonic incapacity was never more manifest than at the time of the Algeciras Conference and during the Italian-Turkish War. For ages Italy has been the Mecca of cultured Germans; nowadays every middle-class Teuton crosses the Gotthard or the Brenner at least once in his life, and German is heard increasingly year by year at every season in restaurant and picture-gallery, mountain inn, and village *trattoria* from Domodossola and Chiavenna to the Maltese Strait. Yet in German books and newspapers one finds still the traditional criticisms of Italy as the classic land of art and filth, of beggary, bribery, and administra-

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tive rottenness. There are acres of *feuilletons* about the squalor and misery of Calabrian life or the exploits of the Neapolitan Camorra or venality in high places; but of such clean and modern cities as Turin and of the modern and efficient methods of drainage and agriculture in the Po Valley very little is printed, and the vigorous growth of national spirit under the rotting crusts of old despotisms almost escapes notice. It is this persistent failure to understand the evolution of Italy that leads to such surprises as those which have shocked German diplomats since the beginning of the Algeciras Conference.

ROBERT H. FIFE, JR.

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EFFECT OF THE WAR ON COTTON

BY C. T. REVERE

For the last forty years it has been the proud vaunt of the men of the South that cotton is a "world commodity." By this characterization an attempt was made to convey the impression that the South's great staple was invulnerable to depressing influences of an isolated or local character. Poor trade in Lancashire could be ignored if all went well with commerce elsewhere. A strike at Fall River, affecting fifty thousand employees, was of no moment if spindles in other textile centers were humming on full time. So wide were the ramifications of cotton, so universal was its use, that only those who took a broad world-grasp of the situation could read the future of its price movements.

Under the world-wide assault on commerce and industry resulting from the conflict in Europe, cotton has suffered more severely than if it had been a commodity of merely local importance. Every department of the trade has broken down. The demoralization in foreign exchange, high marine insurance, excessive war risks, and scarcity of tonnage laid a paralyzing hand on the exportation of the staple. Fright seized upon the cotton exchanges, and the commodity markets shared in the panic that prevailed in securities. Hostile armies fought their fiercest battles in the prosperous textile regions of Belgium, France, Alsace, and Austria. Operatives by the thousand left the mills of Ghent, Lille, Roubaix, and Muelhausen. Lancashire, although only slightly affected by loss of skilled workers, immediately went on less than half-time. New England spinners, scenting bargains owing to withdrawal of export demand, cannily kept out of the market to await the flood of distress cotton.

So once more the gaunt specter of six-cent cotton stalks abroad in the Southland, and the planters who had comforted themselves with the assurance that this grim visitor had been driven away in the late nineties, never to return, are

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moving heaven and earth to make the sojourn of the unwelcome guest as brief as possible.

The plight of the South, however, is not all that makes of cotton a problem of first magnitude. The crop now moving to market, as nearly as it can be estimated, is probably between 15,000,000 and 16,000,000 bales. Under normal conditions it might be expected to have a value of more than $1,000,000,000, including the seed. The crop for the season of 1913–14, which ended on August 31, was 14,588,000 bales, with an estimated value of $957,902,336, to which should be added the value of the cotton-seed, bringing the total up to $1,114,502,336. If, as a result of the war, cotton should bring no more than seven cents per pound, the value of a 15,000,000-bale crop would be only $525,000,000, which, with the addition of $75,000,000 for seed, would bring a total of $600,000,000—more than half a billion less than the smaller crop of last season.

Moreover, the international trade situation would be vitally affected. During the five fiscal years from 1910 to 1914, inclusive, the total net balance in favor of the United States was $2,573,011,666, or an average of $514,602,333 for the five years. In that same period our cotton exports averaged in value $551,889,576. It is probable that the South would have exported to Europe during the current season fully 9,500,000 bales at an average price of eleven cents, or $55 per bale. This would have brought to this country a minimum of $522,500,000. Some cotton prophets are figuring that if the war should last until after the first of January the exports of cotton from the United States would not exceed 4,500,000 bales at an average price of seven cents per pound. This would mean only $297,500,000. Thus it may be seen that seven-cent cotton, while directly an impoverishment to the planter, vitally affects the financial and commercial life of the whole country.

It is impossible to obtain a thorough grasp of the existing cotton situation without taking into consideration the following salient features: First, the financing and marketing of the present crop; second, the probable consumption or takings by the world's spinners; third, the possibilities for next season's crop; fourth, the conditions in the contract markets and their effect upon the marketing of the present crop.

The financing and marketing of the crop are interwoven

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with the troublesome export problem. If Europe had been in a position to take and finance the minimum of 9,500,000 bales allotted by prophetic statisticians, there would have been no obstacles in the way of financing the crop, and consequently Secretary McAdoo would not have been compelled to resort to calling a conference of financiers and cotton men to suggest ways and means for dealing with one of the knottiest questions that ever has been put up to a Secretary of the Treasury. In order to obtain an idea of the manner in which the war has turned calculations topsy-turvy, attention is called to the following table giving the normal exports of American cotton to the leading European countries, and estimates of their probable imports in case the war should last a year:

Name of Country.	Normal Imports.	Imports Under War Conditions.
United Kingdom	4,000,000	2,000,000
Germany	2,500,000	.....
France	1,000,000	300,000
Italy	500,000	650,000
Spain	300,000	400,000
Belgium	200,000	50,000
Russia	100,000	.....
Austria	125,000	.....
All other Europe	275,000	100,000
Japan	500,000	1,000,000
Total	9,500,000	4,500,000

The sudden withdrawal of buying power for 5,000,000 bales of cotton, ordinarily greedily taken by Europe, has imposed upon the South a burden for which it was utterly unprepared. The only offset against the reduced European exports are prospective increases in the demand from Japan and consumption by the mills of the United States and Canada. With all these taken into consideration, however, and figuring on the basis of a crop of 15,000,000 bales, the most hopeful analysis places the minimum amount of cotton that will have to be carried by the South into the next crop at 3,500,000 bales.

Moreover, the financing of this huge surplus for a full season does not by any means indicate the magnitude of the task before the South. The greatest difficulty will be in the gradual marketing of the cotton that actually is needed, and to prevent it from being thrown on the market regardless of value.

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The conference at Washington was forced to consider the problem of preventing the impoverishment of the South and the impairment of the nation's debt-paying power, without committing the Government to support the price of cotton by such futile methods as were attempted by Brazil through the medium of buying up the surplus supply of coffee. The sentiment of the conference was well expressed in a resolution of which the following contains the salient features:

That the average market value of middling cotton for the past six years has been in excess of twelve cents per pound, that the committee is informed that the cost of producing cotton averages throughout the United States about nine and one half cents a pound, that it is a rule of economics that the production of staple commodities will decrease if they continue unsalable at less than the cost of production plus a reasonable profit. That cotton does not deteriorate when properly warehoused, and is as good twenty years after it is picked as when it is first gathered; that it can, therefore, be carried over until the restoration of normal business conditions enables the world's consumption to absorb it. The Committee is therefore of the opinion that every effort should be made to assist the producers to hold their cotton for a price that will minimize their loss as far as possible until such time as the channels of foreign trade shall be reopened. That loans upon cotton made upon a basis of eight cents per pound for middling, less such margin as the lender shall consider necessary, will afford reasonable protection to bankers and will greatly facilitate the financing of our most important export crop in the present emergency.

That in suggesting eight cents per pound for middling cotton as a basis for loans it is not the purpose of the committee to convey the idea that that figure represents, in its opinion, the intrinsic value of cotton, but that it is sufficient, in its judgment, to meet the requirements of the situation and enable the farmer to market his cotton in an orderly and deliberate manner.

Your committee recommends that notes having not longer than four months to run, when secured by proper warehouse receipts for the aforesaid commodity, properly insured, be accepted for rediscount by the Federal Reserve Banks, when organized, and that they also be approved by the National Currency Association as security for additional circulation to the National banks under the provisions of the Aldrich-Vreeland Act, as amended by the Federal Reserve Act.

Secretary McAdoo has expressed the view that by the allotment of emergency currency to Southern banks the funds available would be more than enough to pay for the picking of the present crop, which would call for a cash outlay of at least $100,000,000. It is believed also the apportionment would be sufficient to provide for the carrying of 4,000,000 bales, and that this, in addition to such assistance as might

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be given out of the normal resources of the banks, should tide over the present difficulty.

One feature that will militate against the careful marketing of the cotton crop, as well as the holding of a large surplus, lies in the totally inadequate storage capacity of the South. The cotton belt has never been forehanded and progressive in the methods by which it has marketed its chief commodity. Whereas the wheat and corn belts have an up-to-date elevator system, capable of holding enormous quantities of grain during periods of congestion, the warehouse system of the South has always broken down, except in the case of a moderate crop which moved rapidly to market. Even under normal conditions the movement of a large crop has always caused congestion at big concentrating points. In years of bumper yields the rush of cotton to Galveston, Savannah, and New Orleans has left bales by the thousand lying exposed on docks and on platforms adjacent to railroad yards awaiting shipment.

In the last two or three years the big terminals at Galveston, New Orleans, Savannah, and Norfolk have been greatly improved, but their capacity has been unwarrantably taxed, owing to the lack of storage facilities in the interior.

This scarcity of warehouses, particularly in the small interior towns, has resulted in an enormous annual loss to the South, because the cotton which has been held has been left exposed to the weather, and in a rainy and stormy season the fiber on the outside of the bales has to be picked off and thrown away.

Naturally, if the farmer through holding his cotton is forced to lose ten per cent. of it through the medium of "country damage," it would be better for him to sell immediately at any prices obtainable rather than keep his output off the market and take his loss later as a result of the deterioration in the quality of cotton.

Although the warehouse question has been agitated in the South almost annually, the response to the appeal for more adequate storage facilities has met with only a shuffling response. This year, however, there seems to be an awakening, particularly in Texas and Oklahoma. Practically every small town with "wagon receipts" of 2,000 to 5.000 bales has been the center of mass meetings attended by farmers and local business men, and at nearly all of these gatherings generous subscriptions have been taken up

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for the building of warehouses. On account of the exigencies of the situation, time has been a decided essence, and in many cases the warehouses under construction are merely sheds with galvanized iron roofs, but at the same time affording sufficient protection from the elements. The tendency has been toward moderate concentration in these structures, with storage limited to 2,500 bales, owing to the attitude taken by the insurance companies which wish to restrict loss in the case of any one fire. Many of these warehouses will be bonded, and the Texas Legislature has been in session for the purpose of passing laws regulating the warehouse system of the State. As a result of this agitation it seems a fairly safe prophecy that the cotton storage capacity in the interior of Texas will be fully trebled before the first of December.

Plans on a more ambitious scale have been undertaken in the Eastern cotton States as a result of the co-operation offered by one of the big fertilizer corporations, which has organized a subsidiary company capitalized at several millions. It is proposed to construct at least ninety warehouses throughout the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama for the purpose of storing the cotton which holders in that section wish to keep off the market. Memphis already has a big warehouse system, but it is proposed to increase its capacity to 2,000,000 bales, thus making it the greatest interior concentrating point in the South.

Naturally the paralysis of the European textile trade offers a splendid opportunity for neutral countries. Unfortunately for the South, these countries are few. The cotton consumption of Sweden, Holland, Italy, and Spain is likely to undergo some increase, as may be noted in the figures hitherto given on probable exports for the season. The greatest increases, however, should be in Japan and the United States. Japan has always been a shrewd buyer of cotton and has taken freely whenever the price was cheap. The normal importations of Japanese spinners are about 300,000 bales annually. In 1911, however, when cotton temporarily sold a trifle below nine cents, the purchases for the account of these Yankees of the Orient amounted to 514,000 bales. This season even greater activity has been observed. The moment cotton reached the price of nine cents Japanese buyers were active all over Texas, and have since extended their activities to Oklahoma and Arkansas. Some extrava-

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gantly high estimates have been in circulation regarding the probable purchases of Japan, some of them reaching the enormous total of 2,000,000 bales. These figures, however, seem unwarranted by conditions, as Japan's maximum consumption of American cotton could hardly exceed 400,000 bales annually. The best opinion, therefore, places Japanese importations at about 1,000,000 bales, which should furnish supplies for two and a half years.

There is no doubt that American cotton manufacturers have an opportunity for the extension of markets such as never has been presented before. The practical obstacles in the way of fulfilling certain extravagant hopes, however, are likely to cause some disappointment to those who expect to see American cotton goods driving out of foreign markets the output of European looms. The poor financial conditions in South America are likely to act as a deterrent to a heavy trade in cotton goods with those countries, for American cotton manufacturers have not the resources to extend the long credits to which South-American customers have been accustomed. That a strong effort will be made to extend trade with the Latin-American countries seems certain, but the success of the experiment and the permanency of results are in doubt.

Cotton consumption in the United States and Canada for the season just closed is placed at about 6,000,000 bales. There is likely to be some increase over these figures, which constitute a high record. American manufacturers have always found the home market much more satisfactory than export trade. Prices are better and credits are shorter. European importations will be greatly reduced and such fabrics must be replaced by those of native make. Indications point to an enormous increase in the heavy-weight goods, especially for bagging purposes. Practically no importations of jute are being received from India, and millions of yards of heavy-weight cotton goods must be bought to take the place of jute. A scarcity of dyestuffs, fully eighty-five per cent. of which come from Germany, naturally will operate against a normal output of colored goods, but American enterprise and ingenuity should afford relief in time.

Taking all factors into consideration, it seems reasonable to assume that American mills will buy at least 7,000,000 bales out of the present crop. Their purchases would easily

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reach 8,000,000 bales were it not for their poor financial condition. For the last six years, with the exception of the big crop season of 1911–12, cotton has averaged twelve cents per pound and higher. The high grades last season cost American manufacturers an average of fourteen cents per pound. On account of the unsatisfactory state of the goods markets nearly every American manufacturer for the last year and a half has lost money. Consequently, the spinners of America cannot buy the surplus which they would be only too glad to take and store away. If, instead of affording aid for the farmer to hold his crop, some means could be devised to enable the American spinner to buy the cotton he wants, a much more logical solution of the problem would be found.

The amount of cotton that will be actually consumed by America is uncertain. Just at present mills generally are operating on short time, and until trade picks up the normal rate of consumption is not likely to be reached. The unusual proportion of heavy-weight goods, however, is bound to play its part in the end, and the best judges throughout the cotton trade believe that the actual consumption by American mills this season will be 6,500,000 bales and probably more.

The policy which the South will pursue in regard to the crop to be planted in the spring of 1915 will have more than the usual bearing on the price of the old crop. It is recognized that the acreage must be reduced. It is doubtful even if a decrease of fifty per cent. in acreage would produce the corrective results desired, for intensive farming might prevent a corresponding falling off in production. The South has been accustomed to look upon cotton as its cash crop. In fact, as Mr. S. T. Hubbard, one of the ablest members of the New York Cotton Exchange, has aptly said: "The South looks upon cotton as cash rather than property." On account of the fact that cotton is the "money crop," the poorer class of tenants, who prefer liquid assets of fluctuating value to those which are less easily convertible into silver dollars, has been largely responsible for the failure of the South to diversify its agricultural pursuits. If the calamitous consequences of the war should cause a tendency to turn more generally to the production of foodstuffs, the conflict in Europe will have accomplished something which continued missionary efforts have failed to achieve.

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The men of the South even distrust themselves in regard to inducing a proper reduction in cotton acreage. Several suggestions have been made, one to the effect that a tax be placed on cotton acreage. This was promptly rejected by Representative Underwood, to whom the appeal was addressed, as a violent use of the taxing power of the Federal Government. A proposal also has been made to the effect that laws be passed restricting the cultivation of cotton for a year or more only to those who have obtained licenses. The most practical suggestion probably calls for the passage by Southern legislatures of bills outlawing the cotton crop as security for debt, thus making advances by country merchants illegal. With these chattel mortgages placed in the list of doubtful securities, the supply merchants would be forced to take a position that automatically would reduce the cotton acreage.

The South has realized that some one must buy its cotton, and various expedients have been adopted to increase the absorptive power. Among these has been the organization of so-called "Buy a Bale" clubs. These bodies are local in character, and the consideration for membership is the purchase of one bale of cotton at ten cents a pound. President Wilson has assisted in popularizing the movement by paying out one hundred dollars for two bales of cotton at the stipulated price.

The crop is so big and the necessities so urgent that buying must be of a wholesale rather than retail character. Unfortunately the cotton exchanges are powerless to furnish the needed assistance, owing to the demoralization which has caused the suspension of trading in all markets of this character. The failure to resume business has been due to certain technical and financial problems which have been difficult of solution. Enormous losses have fallen upon cotton brokers through the precipitate decline in prices, and it has taken the most careful and intelligent work to distribute these losses without causing a paralysis of organization.

One fact has been brought sternly home to the South: cotton exchanges are needed. They are not merely gambling institutions, but necessary adjuncts to the marketing of the crop. When the great fall in prices came in the autumn of 1911 the weight of the great crop of 16,138,000 bales, through the medium of the contract system, was distributed as far

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ahead as 1920. Spinners who might wish to accumulate a reserve stock for one or two years, and who would be able to do this through the medium of margin trading, under present conditions are restricted to purchases of actual cotton which they must buy outright. Consequently they can take only about one-tenth as much cotton as they would be able to obtain if they could use the machinery of the cotton exchanges.

For years the South, its sentiment inflamed by demagogic harangues of politicians, has clamored for the abolition of the cotton exchanges. This outcry is not likely to be heard again. There is no method by which spinners can make forward contracts, except through the use of the system of future contracts made upon cotton exchanges. And only by this system, with its painstaking methods for obtaining statistics and quotations, is it possible to give a correct idea of prices. With the resumption of business by the great cotton exchanges of New York, Liverpool, and New Orleans, it would be possible in one day to absorb more cotton than could be taken off the market in a whole year through the organization of " Buy a Bale " clubs.

While the losses throughout the cotton trade have been severe, the depression is not likely to be of discouraging duration if the situation is handled with intelligence and foresight. With the righting of the foreign exchange markets other countries will be able to import more than 4,500,000 bales. American spinners, with proper assistance from their bankers, can buy a minimum of 7,000,000 bales. The holding of the surplus should not present an insuperable financial problem. If the exchanges are able to resume their normal functions, the consumers of cotton will quickly lay in a store of contracts fully equivalent to the surplus which the South otherwise would find so burdensome. With assurance of a reduction in next season's acreage, it would seem as if eight cents would be a reasonable expectation for a minimum price, which would last only for a brief period.

C. T. Revere.

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THE ARCHANGELIC CENSORSHIP

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THERE was a great excitement in the Court of Heaven when the prayers and thanks began to come up. Angels and Archangels were flying about, and cherubs flitting hither and thither, messengers and seraphs getting their harps and shawms and cymbals ready for the grand concert to be given as soon as the divine response should be announced. Raphael had not been so much interested since he was commissioned to visit Adam in the Garden of Eden, and converse with him as "friend with friend" on the topics of the day with particular reference to the ideal of duty which he was to enforce upon our earliest forefather. Michael had never been so busy since that night when he headed an army corps of angels to intercept the Archfiend who had violated the neutral territory of Eden, and

> . . . led his radiant files,
> Dazzling the moon . . .

until he found the Enemy in the bridal bower, and ordered Ithurial to develop his flank with his spear. Gabriel had his horn at his side and held himself ready to wind it at the first word from within, where the facts were all so severely censored that no syllable had yet escaped, to declare which supplication from the embattled earth was the most acceptable to the ear of the Heavenly Father.

The situation on our planet had perhaps never been more difficult or more embarrassing in the complexity and contrariety of the claims which moved its appeals to the Supreme Being. Not many months earlier two wretched young men in Servia had murdered a man and his wife in circumstances of peculiar atrocity. But the event might not have appealed so vividly if the husband had not been heir to the political ownership of a great empire, whose people had no more to say in the matter than if they had been so many

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dumb animals. For this reason Austria, so grievously injured, demanded impossible reparation, and Servia refused. Both States moved their troops to the frontier; Russia promptly did the same, and Germany declared war against Russia, and logically attempted to march her troops through Belgium to attack France. Belgium would not consent and so became the first great battle-ground of a war which did not concern her except as a free and independent State. England felt bound to support the Belgian contention; she declared war on Germany and united with France. Montenegro and Herzegovina joined in the attack on Austria; Greece remained ready to mobilize against Turkey; Turkey prepared to support Germany. Italy was bound by treaty to Austria and Germany, but was withheld by her people's sympathy with France and England and Russia, and continued neutral till one side or the other should promise her Trieste and Trent.

This was the human situation when the orisons of all the different States began to ascend to the Throne of Grace urging a prior claim, each side, to the divine favor and blessing. France, indeed, was in a peculiar disability regarding her faith and the church which could best bring her appeals to bear; but the church, which is the Mother Church even of rebellious and disobedient children, could not wholly deny her influence to the Republic. With regard to Belgium she could feel no hesitation; and the Orthodox Church, which held the Mother Church schismatic, used as pious ceremonies of entreaty in behalf of the Russians. The Book of Common Prayer addressed the Deity with the same beautiful formula for all members of the English Church in Great Britain, Canada, Australasia, and India, and supplicated the good Lord for deliverance from battle, murder, and sudden death, while all the dissenting sects throughout the Empire, as well as the heathen within her gates, implored a benediction on her arms in whatever extemporaneous or idolatrous petition they were used to offer the God or the Fetish of their worship. There was, of course, an embarrassment in the case of the Turks, which the Archangels in charge felt keenly. The idolators could be easily managed; their gross and foolish offerings could be relegated at once to the waste-basket; but with the Mohammedans it was different. These were the worshipers of a divine person whom they called Allah, and whom they would

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not suffer to be represented by any sort of graven image. To some effects and purposes they bowed in prayer to the same Power as the different varieties of Latin, Greek, Anglican, Lutheran, English Dissenting, and Wee Free Scotch Christians. It would not do to distinguish for or against the Turks because they were for Germany; the Egyptian Moslems who must be against the Kaiser were of an English affiliation and therefore of the Triple Entente, but had no better right to have their prayers counted.

In the mean time the prayers continued to accumulate in the outer courts, and it became a crying question what should be done about them. Practically those human beings steeped to the lips in the blood of their fellow-men, and kneeling on the festering heaps of those they had slain, had all been praying to the same God, the God of Pity, the God of Truth, the God of Righteousness and Love and Mercy. They came to their altars reeking with slaughter, their faces lurid with the smoke of powder and the flames of the peaceful cities and villages they had burned. They stank with the corruption of the dead whom they had seized a little respite from reciprocal slaughter to heap into the trenches they had tardily dug for them, and then covered with too little of their mother earth to hide them. Yet something must be done about their prayers for victory; these prayers could not all be turned down; they could not all be granted. The most embarrassing phase of the affair was their praying, friend and foe alike, to the same God, and claiming Him their champion with implicit belief in His devotion to their interests. This belief spread through the rank and file from their leaders, through their superior officers down from the fountain-head of the authority over them in their sovereign princes. The French, as Republicans, and as rather recalcitrant sons of Mother Church, did not so readily fall in with the devotional mood of the head of the State. In fact, their President is not yet known to have made any claim to the divine favor, such as came from the two Emperors allied against him; if he did the text of his prayer did not pass the censorship. The highly constitutionalized monarchy of Great Britain did not, apparently, regard it as good form to enter into competition with the devout rulers of Germany and Austria, who could have been met on their own ground only by the Czar of Russia, though at a great meeting in the Guildhall of the city the Archbishop

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of Canterbury was present, together with the Prime Minister and the leader of his Majesty's opposition, "supporting their appeal in the name of his Master the Prince of Peace." Even the Czar did not boast any such intimacy with the designs of the Almighty as the two Kaisers, or at least no petition of his had got past the Archangels into print, though the commander of his forces at Lemberg announced his victory over the Austrians "with extreme joy and thanking God." No doubt, however, his petitions were among those which embarrassed the Archangels by that tone of confident assurance inseparable from the nature of an absolute prince; through the same fortuity of birth the Sultan also took Allah's favor for granted; though the Moslems of Egypt would have been bound, through their British allegiance, to pray for the *Entente,* while the Turks were praying for the *Dreibund.* There is no actual record of the Sultan's supplication, though, as it would have consisted largely of genuflections in the direction of Mecca, he might very well have vied with his brother-sovereigns, Christian Dogs as they were, and the fact not transpired.

The prayers of the two Kaisers were confided to mortals by wireless at the same time they were offered to Heaven, but even in this concert of imperial piety it appears that the share of the Holy Roman Emperor was small compared with that of the German Emperor. The good Francis Joseph does not directly address the Deity, as reported by wireless, but he telegraphs to the good Wilhelm: "God is with you. He will be with us also. I must sincerely congratulate you, dear friend, also the young hero, your dear son, the Crown Prince, as well as the incomparably brave German army." The tenor of this could not be mistaken by the Archangels, and it was probably transmitted as a species of cross-petition against any orison arriving at the moment from the parties to the *Entente.* As the eldest and dearest son of Mother Church the Holy Roman Emperor could not go further in prayer with a Lutheran heretic like the German Kaiser, who on his part need not measure terms. As early as August 22d the censorship of war news allowed us to learn that "the Kaiser has ordered the Supreme Council of the Evangelical Church throughout Germany to include the following prayer in the liturgy at all public services during the war: "Almighty and merciful God, God of the armies, we beseech in humility for Thy Almighty aid for our Ger-

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man fatherland. Bless the entire German war force. Lead us to victory and give us Thy grace that we may show ourselves to be Christians toward our enemies. As well, let us soon arrive at peace which will everlastingly safeguard our free and independent Germany."

This carefully worded supplication must have been instantly rushed to the Throne of Grace, to the Father of Mercies, to Him without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls to the ground, and the response might seem to have been instant, for we read that on the 25th the Kaiser wired his daughter-in-law, the Crown Princess:

"I rejoice with thee over the first victory of Wilhelm. God has been on his side and has most brilliantly supported him. To Him be thanks and honor. I remit to Wilhelm the Iron Cross of the second and first class. . . . God protect and succor my boys. Also in the future God be with thee and all wives.

"(Signed) PAPA WILHELM."

But in some respects this was apparently asking too much. In spite of the flattering recognition of His support of the Crown Prince, He seems to have thought it enough to be only with the Crown Princess "in the future." He evidently could not be bothered to look after "*all* wives," for we read that the wives of unarmed peasants and citizens were driven with their children from their homes in a country which Papa Wilhelm was wasting with fire and sword through a violation of its rights as a neutral nation and of his own word solemnly given, and went wandering beggared through their native land. Other wives were slain at their hearthstones by Papa Wilhelm's artillery, or torn to pieces in their beds by bombs dropped from Papa Wilhelm's dirigibles flying over sleeping towns. So far as "all wives" were concerned, the Helper of the widow and the orphan was not so constant or instant as Papa Wilhelm desired, though Papa Wilhelm had especially commended them to His care. Yet Papa Wilhelm did not lose heart, for in a telegram of the 27th we find him declaring from his headquarters on the Main: "Confidence in the irresistible might of our heroic army and unshakable belief in the help of a living God, together with the consciousness that we are fighting for a worthy cause, should give us faith in an early delivery of Germany from its enemies."

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It may be that the Supreme Being, the "living God" as the first of living men here handsomely calls Him, was perhaps not really so very hand-in-glove with the Kaiser. It may be that he did not "brilliantly support" the Crown Prince in battle, and that it was solely "the invincible might of his heroic army" which gave the Kaiser early victory. For Papa Wilhelm had been training them to their work of multiple murder for forty years, incessantly, relentlessly, at the cost of the best years of their youth, of their freedom, of whatever makes life sweet and dear. To perfect the pitiless machine into which he turned a kindly people he spared no means known to the art of the oppressor; he sacrificed to this end truth and honor and the love of men; he substituted the terror of lese-majesty for patriotic loyalty; he made revenge and hate the prime motives of the nation which he welded into an adamantine mass to be hurled, when the time came, against another nation which he had schooled them, in the uttermost cruelty of fear, to abhor. In this work he signed promises which trusting nations took for treaties with all the sacred and solemn guarantees, but which his ministers called "scraps of paper" when the convenient time came. He made their commanders the terror of the men, and he perpetuated among the officers of his army the code of the duel; by his will the law of the sword became supreme against the law of the land in any question between soldiers and civilians. He turned the tide of civilization from its flow toward peace and good-will, and drove its stream back among the morasses of the past, where it was choked with the corpses of the immemorial dead; the embers of their homes, and the ruins of their altars, so that when the time came to destroy a peaceful city his soldiers were as ready to do his will as they were to drive the wedge of their bodies through the enemy's lines and to fall in heaps that stayed their advance.

There is no means of telling just yet what the effect of his prayers has been with the Heavenly Father, or whether in the event they will avail against the prayers of the Belgians, the French, the English, and the Russians, beseeching the same God for victory against him. Who, indeed, always excepting the German Emperor, may declare what dwells in the will of the Almighty, or what His purpose is? Will He continue His brilliant support of the Crown Prince, or will He lift up His countenance and make it to

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shine upon the peoples who have, humanly speaking, been cruelly outraged in all that is dear to civilized men, whose lands have been overrun by invading armies, whose cities have been burned, whose fields have been laid waste, whose wives and little ones have been driven beggars into the wilderness which wanton invasion has made of their country? At the actual writing it seems as if the Creator of heaven and earth may have thought twice concerning His imperial *protégé*, and ceased to "bless the whole German force." Part of this force is now retracing its bleeding steps, slowly indeed, and perhaps not finally; its retreat may be merely the recoil of the wild beast for another spring upon its prey; but as yet it does not seem so, and humanity may begin to breathe again. No one except the Kaiser may guess at the unfathomable counsels of the Ancient of Days. Yet even the Kaiser may make a mistake, as he seems already to have done; even he may not always interpret aright the designs of the Author of all being, and may misconstrue the secular silence of Him who is from everlasting to everlasting as approval of his violation of the world's peace. Imaginably in the all-knowing, all-pitying Soul of the Universe there may be passing a vision of the world from the time when men began to write the sorrowful history of their race in one another's blood down to the present day, which is not at all the Kaiser's vision of militarized rule. Egypt, Assyria, Persia, with each its long empire, may be as shadows in his sight. Belshazzar, Cyrus, Cambyses, Alexander, Cæsar, Attila, Omar, Tamerlane, Charlemagne, Cortés, Pizarro, Frederick, Napoleon, all the long, sad tale of the conquerors and destroyers, may trouble the peace of the All-wise and All-merciful as dreams of evil trouble the sleep of mortals. Perhaps the Kaiser himself may be one of these visions; but perhaps Papa Wilhelm may be no more than any commonest father in the sight of the Father of All, though one must shrink from fancying this.

We must still wait the report of the Archangelic censorship, and in the mean time, looking forward to the great final event in which one man may no longer harm the whole world, we may fitly consider the lines, perhaps too sweeping, of a poet, perhaps too Republican, who prophesied—

God said I'm tired of kings,
I suffer them no more.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

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OUR HONOR AND SHAME WITH JAPAN

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

In 1800 and in 1801, American ships, from Salem, Massachusetts, serving as common carriers under the Dutch flag, entered the port of Nagasaki. The Stars and Stripes were then first mirrored in the waters of Japan. Simply by respecting the native traditions, Holland, in spite of much British misrepresentation, had held a commercial monopoly. The American captains sought for independent trade with the United States. Content with her prosperous isolation and fearing a second visitation of "The White Peril," Japan declined the proffer. Even in 1800 the Muscovite invasion was looming in the north; so the hermits kept their gates barred. The Yankees brought home only the dainty products of Nippon's craft and art, but our increasing interests in Hawaii, China, and on the then unpossessed Pacific coast made Japan a coveted object. Three Presidents—Jackson, Polk, and Fillmore—despatched missions to Yedo, to open trade.

Traditions of European statecraft toward Africa and Asia had hardened into dogma. This declared that continents inhabited by dark-skinned races were fields for kidnapping and loot. Asiatic peoples existed to be conquered and despoiled. Humboldt declared that the Isthmus of Panama, while uncut, was the real defense of Japan and China against Occidental greed.

The East India Company would not even allow Christian missionaries on the territory which it controlled. It was the systematic bribery by this corporation, with money made in China and India, that corrupted Parliament, gave ground for Walpole's (modified) axiom that "Every man has his price," and in 1775 provoked the American War of Independence. In 1807, Robert Morrison, the English scholar,

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refused a passage in British ships, had to reach China by way of New York and Washington.

The people of the United States reversed this fixed European policy. When Secretary of State James Madison gave Dr. Morrison a letter of commendation to the American consul in China he virtually confirmed that policy of the "open door" already demanded by our merchants and sailors. For this, when Madison was President, they fought the War of 1812. Madison's policy meant the educational conquest of Asia. It was made a reality by our great army of skilled mechanics, physicians, teachers, and missionaries, whose schools, hospitals, dispensaries, churches, and congregations now belt the world from Tokio to Liberia, and from arctic to antarctic lands. Instead of the drum-beat is the school-bell.

When in 1823 John Adams, in response to the Czar's ukase claiming exclusive possession of the Pacific Coast of North America to the fifty-first parallel, informed the Russian Czar's envoy, Baron de Tuyl, that "we should contest the right of Russia to any territorial establishment on this continent," he unconsciously, perhaps, dictated the peaceful progress, through American influence, of China and Japan.

Yet Madison and Adams did not put on record what American pioneers and people had already declared, *viz.:* that the races of men exist not to be despoiled or conquered, but to be healed, helped, taught, and uplifted. The first century of American history beyond the Pacific is but an echo of what an Asiatic teacher enjoined when answering the question, "Who is my neighbor?"

Our first envoy to the Orient, Edmund Roberts, sent out by President Jackson, incarnated this idea. In China, after making treaties with Muscat and Siam, he died in 1836, at Macao, without seeing Japan, as he had hoped. He is fitly commemorated at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where in 1905 the Russo-Japanese War was ended by peaceful diplomacy.

Roberts's work was followed up in 1839 by the American merchant C. W. King, of Macao, in the unarmed ship *Morrison.* With neither powder nor material for propaganda, he, also hoping for trade, sailed to Mikado Land with some Japanese waifs cast upon Oregon shores. The Yedo Government, then in terror of Russian aggressions and con-

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fronted with the examples of conquered India and Java, and knowing not the American's motive, declined the suspected "gifts of the Greeks." Discouraged, but not in despair, Mr. King, pocketing his loss, wrote, "America is the hope of Asia."

In 1846 President Polk strove to lure into the world's market this Thornrose of the Pacific, but instead of going to Nagasaki, the legal entrance, the two war-ships anchored in the Bay of Yedo. The mission failed, the Japanese all the while wondering why Americans, who vehemently disowned the idea of conquest or interference in the domestic affairs of other nations, did not obey the law and go to Nagasaki. We know now that the cordon of guard-boats linked around foreign ships was even more to restrain native patriots eager for foreign intercourse than to curb the alien.

Occasional shipwreck of our whalers followed, but more often were the intrusions of mutineers and sea-wolves in human form. These unwelcome guests, coming in boats, with no ships in sight, were justly suspected of being Russian spies. Kept in custody before being returned to Java, the severe punishment meted out to native prisoners—the deprivation of a bath—had for them no terrors.

The record is now clear that when proper notice had been given, as in the case of Captain Mercator Cooper, of Hampton, New York, in the ship *Manhattan,* generous reception and unfailing courtesy to the stranger were the rule. Ronald Macdonald, of purpose a castaway, but acting as gentleman, was made the first teacher of English in Japan. He raised up interpreters for Perry, and when in America informed President Fillmore of the Nippon islanders' hunger for science and machinery. Fillmore's agent, Commodore Perry, in his diplomacy made his chief appeal to humanity—trade not being so much as mentioned. By his industrial exposition at Yokohama of the locomotive, telegraph, Webster's dictionary, Yankee inventions, agricultural machinery, and other things success was made sure, where broadsides and filibustering would have failed. Our marines and bluejackets made flowery tompions of chrysanthemums and azaleas, sticking them in their musket-barrels, while the natives used the universal language of smiles and laughter.

Thus three Presidents—Jackson, Polk, and Fillmore—sought Japan. Japan did not seek us. Townsend Harris,

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the New York merchant and educator, our first envoy in Japan, by tact and conformity to polite usages won trade and residence. Fearing Japanese "treachery" and "cunning," French, British, and Germans, with infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers, retreated from their fortified legations in Yedo; but the American Harris, by simply following Japanese suggestions, without a gun, a soldier, or a sailor, kept the American flag flying.

All this time the Yedo Government, sternly repressing all interior intellectual freedom, misrepresented the true spirit of thinking Japan. Yet, excepting one request for postponement of the date of opening the ports, the treaties were kept to the letter. "It's a way" the Japanese have. Since 1868 the Imperial Government has been faithful in every diplomatic jot and tittle; yet though reconstructing—yes, Christianizing—their law courts and prisons and establishing a constitution, representative government and freedom of conscience, exceeding the average in Europe, sovereignty was denied until 1900. In all the new conventions between the United States and Japan, the last being signed February 21, 1911, repeated assertion of reciprocal rights and privileges, on the basis of equality with the "most favored nation" is made. As a nation and Government we signed a covenant which one State has violated.

Now is the test of our national character. We are confronted with the question as to the seat of power in the enforcement of "the supreme law of the land." A sectional agitation, in favor of a reversal of our ancient friendship and the violation of treaties has resulted, in one State, in a defiance of the Constitution of the United States. Our past history shows that the national capital has never been at Hartford, Charleston, Richmond, or Sacramento, but at Washington, D. C. The recent hostile anti-Japanese legislation in California—race hatred in its most immoral form—violates in spirit and letter the treaty with Japan, to which we promised the same treatment as to "the most favored nation."

It is not the business of a foreign nation making a treaty with the United States to inquire into the actual workings of federalism, its defects or advantages; or whether our National Government is too weak, morally or physically, to enforce a treaty obligation within a certain geographical area. No question is raised as to whether any nation or govern-

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ment has, or has not, the right to keep out of her borders undesirable persons; or who shall or shall not become citizens. It is no matter whether Japan is pleased or displeased with our social or political system, or we with hers. As sovereign parties covenanting together, according to the laws of nations, the only question is that of good faith. To violate a treaty is to break the supreme law of the land and trample on the Constitution of the United States, which reads, in Article VI.:

> This Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

In that august document no provision is more strongly safeguarded against any and all theories of federalism and State rights, and none is so immune from alteration, or the effects of attempted nullification, or secession, by States, judges, courts, legislators, and politicians.

A diligent perusal of the sectional speeches and writings of statesmen, so called, and of the Proceedings of the Asiatic Exclusion League, fails to reveal any sound reason why one State should nullify a national obligation. Such perusal has shown, however, that gentlemen, dependent upon votes and in the labor-unions (many members of which, Huns, Russians, etc., have more "Mongolian" blood in their veins than has the average Japanese) may be blinded by race hatred and colorphobia, especially when dominated by fears rather than facts. When racial antipathies rule, reason flies. The "history" so often appealed to and the ethnology expounded in California seem to be of a peculiarly local output. On this "hem of the handkerchief," between the Rockies and the Pacific, it is prejudice, animal instinct, and surmises, not reality, that control the situation. The student of the situation feels bound to challenge the truth of nine-tenths of the statements and the validity of most of these local arguments.

We Americans dragged Japan out of her enjoyable hermitage. As zealous as Macedonians were we in our cry, first to the Chinese, to "come over and help us." We wanted the Japanese badly and we invited them here. Alas, they have turned out to be so unlike the Christians we get from the most orthodox part of Christian Europe! These "very

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respectable and full-handed farmers," as George Washington would have called them, do not patronize our liquor-saloons, or fill our almshouses and prisons, or buy our guns and pistols to kill, nor imitate our abominable manners and vulgar extravagance. On the contrary they are so wickedly zealous in reclaiming our waste land, so offensively industrious, and so shamefully eager to learn our language, read newspapers, patronize libraries and life-insurance companies, become builders and supporters of Christian churches (over fifty of which they have organized on the Pacific Coast) that we are on the brink of ruin through their cheap labor! Verily, with fewer than seventy thousand Japanese in the continental United States, "the hordes of Asia" are precipitating themselves on us to the overwhelming of free institutions!

The Exclusion League is the true child of the same dog-in-the-manger theories of the Know-Nothings. In 1850 I heard expressed concerning the Irish the same fears, uttered in 1913, about the "Mongolians." In later years, I remember how the Germans were misrepresented. As for the negroes, did any one teach or help them? Then the brutal question was flung at one—"Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?" I have even heard of Jew-baiting. Cultivated ignorance seems now in order concerning the real Japan, which, as early as 1860, I suspected to be civilized, began to study in 1866, saw in 1870, and have ever since, through the individual, literature, art, and immigration, tried to understand.

Neither true Americanism, nor reason, nor law, nor fact, nor gospel forms the basis of the underlying hostility to the Japanese. "The Yellow Peril," "Asia's hordes," "the nine hundred millions waiting to precipitate themselves on our shores," the "tricky," "cunning," "unassimilable," "hopelessly pagan" Japanese, who "will never make good American citizens," or "ever forswear their allegiance," are non-existent. The "Oriental" of the picture shows, stage, novels, yellow newspapers, and "labor" agitators belongs with the dodo and phrenology, and is as unreal as the phantoms of cheese dreams or the crawling creatures of delirium tremens. "History" shows that these islanders, whose basic stock is Aryan, have ever been mobile, sensitive, and responsive to new ideas and situations. Whether in the sixth, sixteenth, or twentieth

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century, they change for the better when opportunity arises. In fact, they will soon be as money-loving and as wasteful and extravagant as we are. In fundamentals their human nature is absolutely the same as that of their fellows in America who (if they could only see and hear themselves as some others do them) are just as tricky, cunning, and in reason's eyes often as ugly, morally and physically, as conceited, different in manners, and undesirable as "the Oriental." Like all other mortals, the Japanese are modified and transformed by new ideas, forces, and environment. In both scoundrelism and virtue they quite equal the Americans, now over a hundred million strong.

To the scholar, "our" civilization is an inherited composite of elements, most of which are Asiatic in origin, including our religion, which was taught us by a son of Asia. We are but the young dwarf on the old giant's back, and nine-tenths of our history is opportunity. Happily the members of the Exclusion League, while describing "our" civilization, have progressed in their vocabulary from "Anglo-Saxon" to "American"; but they still shout, "We are Caucasians." Yet in reality there is no "East" or "West." Now that the ends of the earth have met, the world needs as much true science as it needs the ethics and spirit of the Asiatic who answered the question, "Who is my neighbor." What every human creature of conceit and pride needs most is to see himself as others see him—how he looks, acts, and is offensive or attractive to his fellow-creatures; and we Americans need this discipline probably above all peoples. Men of other cults and civilizations are as proud and prejudiced as is the boasting (and usually the freshly naturalized) American, who screams "America for Americans!" The science of ethnology is one with the absolute religion of the Asiatic of Syria, in knowing of no one race that is inherently and permanently superior to all others. As a student of varied humanity, I am convinced that mine—the Teutonic—was once among the lowest.

The alleged objections to the Japanese have little weight in the light of actual knowledge and comparative study.

As to sense-impressions—we are just as beautiful and as ugly in the eyes of "Orientals" as they are in ours. The countenances of white people are associated, in the art of Japan and China, and with initial impressions, not with

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angels, saints, or goddesses, but with imps and " the devil." We seem pale, ghostly, emaciated, brutally coarse, or demon-like, with our eyes of several tints set straight or far apart. The Occidental nose, in size, protrusion, uncanny variety of shape and often artificial rubiness, appears monstrous. The varied and nondescript colors of our hair, with its hideous departure from a standard black, is repulsive. Our voices seem shrill and unmodulated.

Being meat-eaters, we need only appeal to impartial canine judgment to learn wherein we differ from Asiatic or other humanity with pores. In neither personal cleanliness, popular courtesy, public hygiene, surgery, or medicine does Japan need instruction from Americans. In a comparison of manners and self-control as to tongue, temper, fingers, or fists, the average American suffers. Would that our people (109,000,000 of them) had the politeness so universal in Nippon!

After nearly fifty years' acquaintance with the Japanese, and two visits to California, as a student of " their " civilization and " ours "—in their origins and realities—I am of the opinion that we need " the Oriental " for our own advantage and improvement. I do not believe in the congestion of immigrants in one section, or in unregulated immigration. Naturalized, the Japanese is easily assimilable. No immigrant among us responds more rapidly to fair treatment. Nine-tenths of the hostile criticism of him is false. Give him a man's chance and he will take it. The unanimity of those who know him best on this point is surprising.

Even for our own ethical good, the Japanese Government is right in its insistence upon political justice and equality. We made a promise to treat the Japanese as well as we treat Germans or British folk. Independently of all dogma and creeds, and in any code of ethics, the man " who swears [even] to his own hurt and changes not " is moral, while the man, or Government, that breaks a treaty is pagan. The question " Who is my neighbor " cannot be dodged. Our hope for the future lies in holding to the faith of our fathers and not that of selfish politicians or " labor " unions.

The real question before the American people in regard to Japan is a moral one. Shall we keep faith and respect our own supreme law of the land? Shall we blot out the record of our ancient friendship at the dictation of one

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State or class? Already the Japanese Government has shown itself willing to meet ours more than half-way. It cannot pay attention to or deal with a fraction of the United States—one-fiftieth of the whole. Nine-tenths of what Californians fear (as distinct from fact) can be settled by diplomacy.

None but a dreamer or a deceiver can hide the truth that underneath all lies the fundamental reality of racial antipathy. Yet without blinking one real fact in the case, whether in the surface differences that strike the first attention of the vulgar, or the deep, underlying repulsions of the cultured, we Americans need the Oriental. In our country, where economics override morals, where art is an isolation, where fine manners are not yet valued as high as money, where filial piety is in its rudiments, where the historic sense is deficient, where rawness is a general characteristic, where spirituality is not profound, with a civilization that has been studied and appraised with only one-sided egotism and conceit rather than with judicial comparison, with a new territory that has been hurriedly exploited on the surface for dollars, rather than conserved to make a landscape beautiful and appealing, and with millions of acres of desert and unreclaimed land, we need the Orientals among us for our refinement and best development. Alas, that the average American is not educated enough to know his own ignorance, for he is least appreciative of that in which "the Oriental" excels.

Moreover, it may be that "Heaven's ordination baffles the human." Possibly the "little" brown man may not always submit patiently to insult, or yellow humanity eternally forgive and forget past centuries of injustice. Moreover, in view even of the European war thunders that have just crashed out of a clear sky, we may find both friendship and trade with Japan to be good national assets. In a large sense, this war of 1914 has grown out of the Russo-Japanese War of 1904–05, which retarded Russia and allowed Germany to forge ahead on land and sea. Again, though Servia and assassination have served as pretexts, the real goal and prize is possession of the path to Asia and its wealth.

It may be that Fillmore's policy of friendship may be better, and we may yet win, by common sense and righteousness, the rich markets of Asia for which Europe is even now fighting. There is a faint possibility, even, that the pre-

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cepts of the Asiatic of Syria, the Prince of Peace, may be in the long run the best. A Power higher than governments "formed the earth to be inhabited."

At such a time as ours, three voices speak truths on this theme:

Count Okuma, Premier of Japan, not a Christian by stencil-plate, label, or seal of corporation, but full of the spirit of The Samurai of the Ages, who began his studies of man, history, and nations even before Perry's day, said to Americans in Tokio: "Diplomacy or law or statesmanship will not work in this case; the power of Christianity, the teaching of the brotherhood of all men and universal peace alone will save the threatening situation."

Along with this, let us place the faith of George Washington and probably that of a majority of intelligent Americans: "I believe that emigrants from other countries to this, who shall be well disposed, and conduct themselves properly, would be equally treated with equal friendship and kindness in all parts of it."

Only the spirit of the Universal Man, who, without a State, a Church, a nation, or a race to back him, and with priest, politician, and prejudice against him, sent forth his disciples to found a spiritual republic which shall survive all thrones and governments, can show us the shining way that means mutual good.

William Elliot Griffis.

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THE WORKMANSHIP OF "MACBETH"

BY SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

I PROPOSE in this and a following paper to consider Shakespeare's "Macbeth" as a piece of workmanship. There are, of course, many other aspects in which it should be studied. We may seek, for example, to fix its date and place in the chronological order of Shakespeare's writings; but this has been done for us, pretty nearly. Or we may search it for new light upon the author himself and his history—a pursuit which has always seemed to me rather curious than important. All literature, to be sure, must be personal: yet the artist—the great artist—dies into his work and in that survives: and, all said and done, it is the work that matters —though the shutters be up at The Mermaid, Macbeth is Macbeth.

> Brave lads in olden musical centuries
> Sang, night by night, adorable choruses,
> Sat late by alehouse doors in April,
> Chaunting in joy as the moon was rising.
>
> Now these, the songs, remain to eternity;
> Those, only those, the bountiful choristers
> Gone—

Of the very greatest we know little more than Homer left to the women of Delos, saying, "Farewell to you all, and remember me in the time to come; and when any man a stranger from afar shall inquire of you, 'O maidens, who is the sweetest of minstrels hereabouts, and whom do you most delight?' Then make answer to him modestly, 'Sir, it is a blind man, and he lives in steep Chios.'"

A general criticism of "Macbeth" I shall not attempt, because he would be rash indeed who sought to improve upon what Dr. Bradley has recently done in his *Lectures on*

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Shakespearian Tragedy, a book which I hold to belong to the first order of criticism, and to be a true ornament of our age. None the less, it seems to me to leave some room for what I shall here discuss—the technical difficulties of the play and how Shakespeare surmounted them; and I do this the more hardily, being convinced that literature, being alive to-day as ever, and the task of excelling none the less constant because particular difficulties change—that criticism is most helpful which, separating the incidental difficulty from the imminent, can show how a great master of his art overcame one or the other, or both.

I take "Macbeth" as a work of art eminently suitable for this purpose: large in conception, conveniently (for our purpose) simple and complete in design; by common consent producing a great and intended effect on the mind. It is the shortest of Shakespeare's plays save only "The Comedy of Errors." Its tale is told in just under two thousand lines—about half the length of "Hamlet." This means no blame upon "Hamlet"—which, turning upon indecision in its chief character, is naturally long: but it goes all to "Macbeth's" credit. Of two plots equal in dignity, the simpler will be the better, and the half of writing consists in making one word better than two.

Now, to start with the rudiments, what had Shakespeare to do? He, a tried and competent playwright, had to make a play: a play to be acted, to succeed on the boards, to entertain, for three hours or so,[1] an audience which had paid money to be entertained. This differentiates it at once from a literary composition meant to be read by the fireside, where the kettle does all the hissing.

I am aware, to be sure, that certain scholars and critics object to our considering any dramatic masterpiece in its primary theatrical intention, or object, at any rate, to our laying stress on this. To name two, who can only be named with respect, Dr. Courthope holds that "the crucial test of a play's quality is only applied when it is read," while Dr. Spingarn, of Columbia University, protested with great vigor recently[2] against the doctrine—invented, he thinks, by Castelvetro—that,

[1] In the Prologue to "Romeo and Juliet" Shakespeare talks of "the two hours' traffic of our stage." But the actual performance must have taken longer than that.

[2] "A Note on Dramatic Criticism." By J. E. Spingarn. Read before the English Association, Oxford.

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The fact that the drama is intended for the stage, that it is to be acted, must form the basis of every true theory of tragedy or comedy.

I hope in two ways to disentangle my paper from this general discussion and yet make it serve its purpose: (1) by setting its claim low and contending only that, be Drs. Courthope and Spingarn right or wrong, there may be some use in considering "Macbeth" as a play written for presentation on the stage; (2) by not pretending for the nonce to be wiser than Shakespeare, who certainly wrote his plays to be acted, and on all the evidence was careless, as culpably as you will, of what happened to them afterwards. In short, if we wish to understand what Shakespeare as a workman was driving at, we must get even the First Folio out of our minds and in imagination seat ourselves amid the audience for which he wrote.

The interior of an Elizabethan theater—say of the Globe Theater, Southwark—has been reconstructed for us in so many treatises that it will be enough here to mention briefly some half a dozen conditions, unfamiliar to us, under which "Macbeth" would be presented.

(1) The stage, raised pretty much as it is nowadays, ran out for some way into the auditorium.

(2) The audience returned the compliment by overflowing the stage. Stools, ranged along either side of it, were much in demand by young men of fashion who wished to show off their fine clothes.

Here already are two conditions, now obsolete, with which Shakespeare had to lay his account; nor are they unimportant. In the first place, as Sir Walter Raleigh has pointed out, on a stage thus constructed and with an audience thus disposed, the groups of players were seen from many points of view, and had to aim at statuesque rather than pictorial effect. Further, the patrons lining the stage smoked—or, as they put it, drank—tobacco in clay pipes; so that the atmosphere, one suspects, was as a rule free and easy, not much unlike that of the old music-halls frequented by some of us in graceless youth, where a corpulent chairman ordered drinks, for which, if privileged to sit beside him you subsequently paid; where all joined companionably in the chorus and a wink from the singer would travel around four-fifths of a circle. We have only to glance at "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" to understand how frank was this commerce between actors and spectators and how it could be

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turned to account for a purpose of comedy. Will it be thought fanciful if I suggest that in tragedy, where the tendency to light interjections would be overawed and overcome, this arrangement of the Elizabethan stage gave part of the audience, at any rate, a sense of being in the drama—for example, of being actually within the castle of Inverness when that fatal knocking beat on the gate?

(3) The Elizabethan stage, as every one knows, had no painted scenery. At the back of it, at some little height above the heads of the players, a narrow gallery or platform projected, with a small door behind it and a practicable ladder, to give access to it or be removed, as occasion demanded. Fix the ladder and it became the stairway leading to Duncan's sleeping-chamber; take it away, and the gallery became the battlements of Dunsinane or of Flint Castle, or the royal box above Coventry lists, or Juliet's balcony, or Brabantio's window, or Jessica's from which she drops the coffer, or Cleopatra's up to which she hales dying Antony. From the floor of this gallery to the floor of the stage depended draperies which, as they were drawn close or opened, gave you the arras behind which Falstaff was discovered in slumber or Polonius stabbed, the tomb of Juliet, Desdemona's bed, the stage for the play-scene in "Hamlet," the cave of Prospero, or of Imogen, or of Hecate. To right and left of this draped alcove were two doors giving on the back and the green-rooms—*mimorum ædes*—for the entrances and exits of the players.

(4) The central area of the auditorium was unroofed. This meant—the fashionable time for the theater being the afternoon—that the action, or a part of it, usually took place by daylight. When daylight waned, lanterns were called in; and it may be that if we could tabulate the times of year at which Shakespeare's several plays were first presented we should find that, among other conditions, he worked with an eye on the almanac. But I lay little stress on this; because, of all stage effects, darkness is the most easily contrived. It involves no more trouble than the closing of a shutter; it may well be that Shakespeare, as a stage-manager, had means of employing darkness at will, say by a blind drawn out from the proscenium or above it. I merely note here (*a*) that one first account of "Macbeth" by a spectator is that of one Dr. Forman, an astrologer, who paid for his seat in the Globe

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Theater, on Saturday, April 20, 1610, that is at a time of year when the sky over the theater would be daylight; (*b*) that "Macbeth," opening in the murk light of the Scottish highlands, quickly turns to darkness; and (*c*) that the sense of darkness habitually used by Shakespeare in his tragedies is, as we shall presently see, necessary in "Macbeth" more than in any other.

(5) The lack of scenic background had, by Shakespeare as by all the Elizabethans, to be supplied by imaginative speech. By this only could the beauty of a spot or the mystery of an hour be suggested. By so much as modern scenic resources, definite or vague, have improved on the Elizabethan, the description or adumbration of either in words has become superfluous and inartistic. Nor is this the less certain for our regretting it.

(6) To these conditions must be added (for symmetry only) the best known of all. On the Elizabethan stage the part of Lady Macbeth was played by a boy. If we reflect on this and on such a passage as—

> I have given suck; and know
> How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
> I would, while it was smiling in my face,
> Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums
> And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
> Have done to this.

If we consider that Shakespeare dared to make boys talk in this fashion, it should teach us, who believe it important to study the conditions of the stage for which he wrote, to beware of riding one hobby too hard; to remind ourselves that in this matter of "boy-actresses," for example, he dared to ignore, and by ignoring triumphed over, what to most of us would seem a hopeless disability.

It were pedantic, in short, to be always visualizing that old theater on the Bankside when reading our Shakespeare; or when seeing him acted to be perpetually murmuring, "He did not write it for *this*." He did not, to be sure; but so potent was his genius that it has carried his work past the conditions of his own age to live perenially in later times and under new conditions, even as the *Iliad* has survived the harp and the feast. This adaptable vitality is the test of first-rate genius; and, save Shakespeare's, few dramas even of the great Elizabethan age have passed it. As for Shake-

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speare, I firmly believe that, could his large masculine spirit revisit London, it would, whatever the dilettante or the superior person may say, rejoice in what has been done to amplify and improve that cage against which we have his own word that he fretted, and would be proud of the pains his countrymen still take after three centuries to interpret him worthily; and this although I seem to catch, together with a faint smell of brimstone, his comments upon the actor-manager of these days with the limelight dogging him about the stage and analyzing the rainbow upon his glittering eye. None the less it is useful to remember that Shakespeare could not foresee our modern stage with its machinery; that while much has been improved, something has been lost; that he was, as a fact, careless about his plays after they had served their first purpose; and that we must seek back to the limitations of his theater before we can thoroughly understand what a workman he was.

I pass now from the conditions under which he built his plays to the material out of which he built this particular one.

The material for "Macbeth" will be found in Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles of Scotland,* first published in 1578 (but Shakespeare seems to have used the second edition, of 1587). It lies scattered about in the separate "chronicles" of King Duncan, King Duff, King Kenneth, King Macduff; but we get the pith of it in two passages from the "Chronicle of King Duncan":

> Shortly after happened a strange and uncouth wonder . . . it fortunes as Makbeth and Banquho journeyed toward Fores, where the king did then lay, they went sporting by the way together without other companie save only themselves, passing through the woodes and fieldes, when sodenly, in the middes of a launde, there met them 3 women in strange and ferly apparell, resembling creatures of an elder worlde; whom they attentively behelde, wondering much at the sight.

Then follow the prophecies. "All hayle, Makbeth, Thane of Glamis," etc., with the promise to Banquho that "contrarily thou in deede shall not reigne at all, but of thee shall be borne which shall governe the Scottish Kingdome by long order of continuall descent."

We need not pause on this; but it gives a reason, if a secondary one, why the story should attract Shakespeare. For James VI. of Scotland, a descendant of Banquho, had come to be James I. of England. Actors and playwrights

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have ever an eye for "topical" opportunity, and value it none the less if it flatters a reigning house.

The same night at supper Banquho jested with him and sayde, Nowe, Makbeth, thou has obtayned those things which the two former sisters prophesied, there remayneth onely for thee to purchase that the thyrd sayd should come to pass. Whereupon Makbeth, revolving the thing in his mind even then, began to devise how he mighte attayne to the kingdome.

Next we read that Duncan, by advancing his young son Malcolm to be Prince of Cumberland, "as it were thereby to appoint him successor to his kingdome," sorely troubled Macbeth's ambition, "insomuch that he now began to think of usurping the kingdome by force."

The wordes of these three weird sisters (of whome before ye have heard) greatly encouraged him hereunto, but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she was very ambitious, brenning in unquenchable desire to beare the name of a Queene. At length, therefore, communicating his proposed intent with his trustie friendes, amongst whom Banquho was the chiefest, upon confidence of their promised ayde he slewe the King at Envernes (or, as some say, at Botgosuane) in the vi year of his reygne.

The "Chronicle" goes on to tell how Makbeth was crowned at Scone; how he reigned for seventeen years; how he got rid of Banquho; how Banquho's son escaped; how Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane, with much more that is handled in the tragedy. The story (so far as we are concerned with it) ends as the play ends.

But Makduffe . . . answered (with his naked sworde in his hande) saying, It is true, Makbeth, and now shall thine insatiable cruelties have an ende, for I am even he that thy wysards have tolde thee of, who was never borne of my mother, but ripped out of her wombe. There withall he stept unto him, and slue him in the place. Then cutting his heade from the shoulders, he set it upon a poll and brought it into Malcolme. This was the ende of Makbeth, after he had reigned xvii years over the Scottishmen. In the beginning of his raigne he accomplished many worthie actes, right profitable to the common wealth (as ye have heard), but afterwards, by *illusion of the Divell,* he defamed the same with most terrible crueltie.

There in sum we have Shakespeare's material; and patently it holds one element on which the mind of an artist (if I understand by ever so little) would seize at once and instinctively. I mean the element of the supernatural. It is the element which every commentator, almost every critic, has done his best to belittle. I propose to show that to Shakespeare, as a workman, it was of the first importance.

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Let us start by considering the "Chronicle"—that is to say, his material—with this supernatural element left out; and what have we? We have left to us an ordinary sordid story of a disloyal general assassinating his king, usurping the throne, reigning with cruelty for seventeen years, and perishing at length to the relief of every one. Had Zimri peace, who slew his master? Well, if we confine ourselves to the "Chronicle," yes he had, and for seventeen years; which, for a bloody tyrant is no short run. But if, confining ourselves to the "Chronicle," we exclude supernatural with its possibilities, the story as a theme of tragedy has one fatal defect. Tragedy demands that we sympathize with the fortunes of its hero; but where is there room for sympathy in the fortunes of a disloyal, self-seeking murderer?

Just there—as I will try to show—lay Shakespeare's capital difficulty.

Let us be quite clear about that difficulty, its magnitude and importance. "Tragedy," says Aristotle, "is the imitation of an action; and an action implies personal agents, who necessarily possess certain qualities of both character and thought. It is these that determine the qualities of actions themselves; these—thought and character—are the two natural causes from which actions spring, on these causes, again, all success or failure depends."[1]

It comes to this—the success of your tragedy depends on what sort of persons you represent; and principally, of course, on what sort of person you make your chief tragic figure, or protagonist, or hero. And for this hero and what should happen to him Aristotle proceeds, in the thirteenth chapter of the *Poetics*, to lay down a number of rules, which may be summarized thus:

(1) A tragedy must not present to us the spectacle of a perfectly good man brought from prosperity to adversity. For that merely shocks us.

(2) Neither must it present that of a bad man passing from adversity to prosperity. For that is not tragedy at all, but the perversion of tragedy, and revolts the moral sense.

(3) Nor, again, should it exhibit the downfall of a merely bad man. For the business of tragedy being with pity and

[1] Aristotle, *Poetics*, vi, 5. I quote Butcher's reading, which gives the sense clearly enough, though actually Aristotle's language is simpler and terser, and for "thought" I should substitute "understanding" as a translation of *διάνοια*.

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terror—pity is aroused by undeserved misfortune, terror by misfortune befalling a man like ourselves.

(4) There remains, then, as the only proper subject for tragedy, the spectacle of a man not surpassingly good or just, who is brought to disaster not by sheer depravity, but by some error or frailty—in other words, a man like you or me betrayed by a weakness to which you or I can conceive ourselves liable.

(5) Lastly, says Aristotle, this man should differ from you and me in being highly renowned and prosperous — an Œdipus, a Thyestes, or some other illustrious person.

Now before examining these rules I should enter two warnings. In the first place, although Aristotle lays them down dogmatically enough, they are not really rules at all, but brilliant inductions derived by him from the Attic tragedies with which he happened to be acquainted. He was not teaching the young dramatist how to write, nor have we any ground for supposing that, had he lived to see any tragedy which broke any one of his rules with success, he would have hesitated to own himself mistaken. Take, for example, Rule 5. It is obviously less philosophical than the rest, and indeed little more than a counsel of theatrical expediency. Dr. Bradley, indeed, would seem to press it further when he remarks that

> The pangs of despised love and the anguish of remorse, we say, are the same in a peasant and a prince: but (not to insist that they cannot be so when the prince is really a prince) the story of the prince, the triumvir, or the general, has a greatness and dignity of its own. His fate affects the welfare of a whole; and when he falls suddenly from the height of earthly greatness to the dust, his fall produces a sense of contrast, of the powerlessness of man, and of the omnipotence—perhaps the caprice—of fortune or fate, which no tale of private life can possibly rival.

This is well said, and Aristotle, to be sure, may have had something of the sort in his mind. But the Greek tragedians, on whose plays he was generalizing, chose their heroes among the illustrious for two more practical reasons: the one, that they had to follow a semi-religious tradition; the other, that, as mere matter of theatrical effect, downfall from a high eminence is more spectacular than downfall from a low one, and produces a more evident shock. Bearing this in mind, we need be in no haste to listen to those who adduce to us Shakespeare's constant selection of kings and princes for his *dramatis personæ* as evidence that he was a snob. One

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might almost as easily prove it snobbish in a Greek tragedian to write of Cadmus and Harmonia because

> The gods had to their marriage come,
> And at the banquet all the Muses sang;

or (if the reader prefers it) the wedding presents were numerous and costly.

It is usually a mistake to read base motives into what a man does when it can be more economically shown to proceed from a decent attention to business. As for Aristotle, we shall perhaps do his memory no disrespect by surmising that, were he alive to be asked his opinion on *Le Père Goriot* or *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* as themes for tragedy, he were a man of mind large enough to reconsider what he wrote [1] more than two thousand years ago.

For the second warning, we have no evidence that Shakespeare had ever heard of Aristotle's *Poetics;* but, rather, good ground for supposing that he had not. If, then, never having heard of them, our greatest playwright instinctively obeyed those main rules, the more credit must go to Aristotle for extracting from what an Æschylus or a Sophocles had done these rules which a Shakespeare, albeit unconsciously, must follow.

Omitting Rule 5, then, and considering the more essential Rules 1–4, we note at once that the first three of these are negative and do but prepare the way for Rule 4, which works down to this—that a hero of tragic drama must, whatever else he misses, engage our sympathy; that, however gross his error or grievous his frailty, it must not exclude our sense of his being a like man with ourselves; that, sitting in the audience, you and I must accept what befalls him as conceivably befalling us, and say in our hearts, "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

We can fetch this point home to ourselves out of any scene in "Macbeth." For an instance—when the ghost of Banquo seats itself at that dreadful supper, who sees it? Not the guest on the stage—not even the Queen—but only Macbeth and you and I. Whom does it accuse? Macbeth. Of what does it accuse him? Of something which he, and you, and I, are hiding in our own breasts.

But how has Shakespeare managed it? If we trust to the "Chronicle," Macbeth was a murderer, and a murderer for

[1] And in his youth, perhaps. There are reasons for conjecturing the *Poetics* to be an early work.

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his own private profit—a combination scarcely calculated to unlock your breast or mine and not at all calculated, I hope, to strike home upon our private frailties.

The "Chronicle" does indeed allow just one loophole for pardon. It hints that Duncan, nominating his boy to succeed him, thereby disappointing Macbeth's reasonable hope of the crown, which he thereupon, and not until then, by process of murder usurped, "having a juste quarrell so to do as he took the matter."

Did Shakespeare use that hint, enlarge that loophole? He did not; and the more we study it the more we must admire the splendid audacity of what he did. Instead of grasping a petty chance to condone Macbeth's guilt, he seized on it and plunged it threefold deeper, so that it might verily "the multitudinous seas incarnadine."

He made this man, a sworn soldier, murder Duncan, his liege lord.

He made this man, a host, murder Duncan, a guest within his gates.

He made this man, strong and hale, murder Duncan, old, enfeebled, defenseless.

He made this man murder Duncan for nothing nobler than private advancement.

He made this man murder Duncan, who had trusted and promoted him, and, that no detail of reproach might be lacking, had, a short while before, sent in most kindly thought the gift of a diamond to his hostess.

To sum up, instead of extenuating Macbeth's villainy, Shakespeare doubles and redoubles it. Deliberately this magnificent artist locks every apparent door upon condonation, plunges the guilt of his hero deep as hell—and then, standing back, tucks up his sleeves.

How can we be made to sympathize with such a man? To feel that he is such as we? Why, his guilt is of the very stuff which in "Hamlet" outlaws the criminal beyond reach of pardon—beyond our pardon, almost beyond God's.

"Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole—" So did Macbeth upon Duncan's. Hear, in "Hamlet," the wretch on his knees—

> Forgive me my foul murder?
> That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
> Of those effects for which I did the murder.

So was Macbeth again. Yet it is for this man that we

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must be made to feel pity and terror, not for the deed, not for Duncan, or not chiefly for these, but for Macbeth, the protagonist. How was Shakespeare to do it?

He could, by giving him magnificent poetry to utter, make us feel that, for all his guilt, Macbeth was somehow a great man; and this he did. He could conciliate our sympathy at the start by presenting him as a brave and victorious soldier; and this he did. He could trace the dreadful act to ambition, "last infirmity of noble minds"; and this he did. He could show him drawn to the deed against will and conscience by persuasion of another, and that other (as the "Chronicle" hinted) a woman; and this again, though it is extremely dangerous, since all submission of will means some forfeit of manliness, lying apparently on the side of cowardice, and ever so little of cowardice may suffice to kill sympathy, this again Shakespeare dared and did. He used all these artifices. But they remain artifices. They do not begin to surmount the main difficulty, of carrying our sympathy past a crime at which human nature revolts.

There is, I conceive, only one possible way: that of making your hero—supposed virtuous, supposed valiant, supposed of certain winning qualities of nature—proceed to his crime under some fatal hallucination. It must not be an hallucination of mere madness; for that merely shocks and puzzles. In our treatment of madmen we have come to be far tenderer than were the Elizabethans. Still, the effects of madness remain unnatural, unaccountable: it is a human breakdown out of which anything inhuman may happen. No, the dreadful mistake must be one that can seize on a mind yet powerful and lead it logically to a doom that we, seated in the audience, understand and awfully forebode, yet cannot arrest.

Further, such an hallucination once established upon a strong mind, the more forcibly that mind operates the more desperate will be the conclusion of its error; the more powerful the deluded will the more desperate the deed to which it drives, as with the more anguish we must follow the once noble soul step by step to its ruin.

Now, of all forms of human error, which is the most fatal? Surely that of mistaking unrighteousness for righteousness, of assigning the soul to Satan's terrible resolve, "Evil, be thou my good." By a noble soul such a resolve cannot be taken save it obeys some overmastering delusion. If Shake-

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speare could find such a delusion, to fasten it upon Macbeth, he had the key to unlock his main difficulty.

What is witchcraft? Or, first let us ask, what *was* witchcraft?

Well, to begin with, it was something in which the mass of any given audience in the Globe Theater devoutly believed. I shall not here inquire if Shakespeare believed in it, or, if at all, how far; but if he did not believe in it to some extent when he wrote the First Part of *King Henry VI.*, then it adds—what we would thankfully spare—one abomination the more to his treatment of Joan of Arc.

Women were burned for witches in Shakespeare's time, and throughout the seventeenth century and some way on into the eighteenth. We may read in the pious, detestable words of Cotton and Increase Mather what these poor creatures suffered in New England at the hands of the Puritan Fathers; or in Sinclair's *Satan's Invisible World Discovered* more than any Christian should bargain for concerning our home-grown beldames, especially those of Scotland. To go right back to Shakespeare's time, we may study its prevalent, almost general, belief in Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft* (1584). To the Elizabethans witchcraft was an accepted thing. Their drama reeks of it. I need but to cite a few titles—Marlowe's "Faustus," Greene's "Friar Bacon," Middleton's "Witch," Dekker's "Witch of Edmonton."

Nor shall I labor this, because it has been seized on by Dr. Johnson with his usual straight insight and expounded with his usual common sense. This play of "Macbeth" peculiarly attracted him. In 1745, long before he annotated the complete Shakespeare, he put forth a pamphlet entitled *Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with Remarks on Sir T. H.'s* (Sir Thomas Hanmer's) *Edition of Shakespeare.* To that pamphlet (says Boswell) he affixed proposals for a new edition of his own; and though no copy survives which contains them, he had certainly advertised his intention somehow and somewhere. As all the world knows, twenty years elapsed before, in October, 1765, his constitutional lethargy at length overcome, there appeared his edition of Shakespeare, in eight volumes.

Now what has Johnson to tell us of this his favorite play?

He begins on Act I, scene i, line l—nay, before it: on the stage direction, "Enter Three Witches." Says he:

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In order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merits of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the spirit of his age and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural spirits, would be censored as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the Theater to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy-tales instead of tragedies.

Here I submit that Johnson talks too loudly. I may not actually believe in Jove or Apollo or Venus, "mother of the Æneid race divine," any more than I believe in Puck or in Oberon, or in ghosts as vulgarly conceived. Yet Jove, Apollo, and Venus remain for me symbols of things in which I do firmly and even passionately believe: of things for which neither Christian doctrine nor modern Natural Science provides me with symbols that are equivalent or even begin to be comparable. Tradition has consecrated them; and an author to-day may invoke these names of gods once authentic; as an author to-day may employ ghosts, fairies, even witches, to convey a spiritual truth, without being suspected, by any one not a fool, of literal belief in his machinery.

Johnson proceeds:

But a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakespeare was in no danger of such censors, since we only turned the system that was then universal to his advantage, and was far from overburthening the credulity of his audience.

Some learned observations follow on the dark ages and their credence in witchcraft; among which is introduced a story from Olympiodorus, of a wizard, one Libanius, who promised the Empress Placidia to defeat her enemies without aid of soldiery, and was promptly on his promise put to death by that strong-minded lady, "who," adds Johnson, "shewed some kindness in her anger, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation."

He continues:

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and tho' day was gradually increasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of Queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of King James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The King, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very

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formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his Dialogues of *Dæmonologie,* written in the Scottish dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his accession, reprinted at London, and as the ready way to gain King James's favor was to flatter his speculations, the system of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favor. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of King James, made a law by which it was enacted, chap. xii, that "if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2, or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; 3, or take up any dead man, woman, or child out of the grave—or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person—to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4, or shall use, practise, or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5, whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6, that every such person being convicted shall suffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakespeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it.

Upon this general infatuation Shakespeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting.

Thus wrote Johnson in the middle of the eighteenth century, "the age of reason"; and, assuming that he talks sense, let us revert to the question, What is, or was, witchcraft? What did men hold it, essentially and precisely, to mean?

It meant, essentially and precisely, that the person who embraced witchcraft sold his soul to the devil, to become his servitor; that for a price he consented to say, "Satan, be thou my god." It meant this and nothing short of this.

In the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, is preserved a paper on which Milton, excogitating subjects for the poem which was to be his *magnum opus,* has left evidence in his own script that he once thought of rewriting this story of Macbeth. The entry runs: "Macbeth, beginning at the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff. The matter of Duncan may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost."

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Milton, as everybody knows, profoundly admired Shakespeare; and the story of Macbeth attracted him, as we have seen it afterwards attracted Johnson. I think it must attract every masculine mind that loves literature.

Milton never handled the subject of "Macbeth." Eventually he chose to write an epic on the Fall of Man; and of that poem critics have been found to assert that Satan, "enemy of mankind," is in fact the hero and the personage who claims most of our sympathy.

I suggest that if we turn to *Paradise Lost,* and open it at Book IV upon Satan's soliloquy (32–113), we may catch a hint of what Milton perceived to be the secret of "Macbeth" and made the key of his own great poem. . . .

> Farewell, remorse! All good to me is lost:
> Evil, be thou my good.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

(To be concluded.)

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TOLSTOY'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE

BY DAVID A. MODELL

When Tolstoy died under such dramatic circumstances a few years ago, the dominant note in much of the comment on his life—aside, of course, from the inevitable allusions to his too obvious dualism—was censure of his wife for having hindered the complete realization of the great Russian's ethical and social ideals. It was insinuated, when not openly charged, that by imposing on him a life of ease and luxury repugnant to his tastes and inconsistent with his philosophy, she drove him, finally, to the sensational flight which culminated in his sudden death. This undercurrent of reproach has increased rather than diminished from year to year, to the great and natural mortification of the widowed Countess. In self-defense, therefore, and for fear that after her own (she says approaching) death people will continue to misconstrue her and Tolstoy's mutual relations, she has had published recently all his letters to her—"all," she assures us, "except three that concern people still living, and the last six, for which the time has not yet come."

Whatever vindication these letters may bring to Tolstoy's widow in the open court before which she has confidently submitted her case, they are far more valuable for the new light they shed on Tolstoy himself. For these letters reveal a side of the great man which, if always suspected, was never generally understood: Tolstoy as an ardent lover and affectionate husband, which rounds out wonderfully his multiple personality.

Tolstoy's married life, taken all in all, was not a happy one; and there were forty-eight long years of it. The inner struggle between Tolstoy the artist and Tolstoy the moralist, of which his biographers persistently remind us, was as nothing compared to the half-century of struggle between Tolstoy the spiritual reformer and Tolstoy the tender husband. Even

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the few extracts here made from his new letters tell a romantic story unsurpassed in tragic intensity by all the Romeos and Juliets ever conceived by the mind of man. The letters themselves—six hundred and fifty-six in all—fill a large volume and add a most valuable chapter to Tolstoy's autobiography. Their great psychological significance is obvious, for in them we get the heart and soul—feel the very pulse—of a great and true love, with all its trials and tribulations.

For the brief study we are here to make of these letters the chronological order is, of course, the best. To afford a better perspective, I preface the extracts of Tolstoy's letters to his wife with three from his friendly letters to his aunt, Countess Alexandra Andréevna Tolstoy, which give us the very first impressions of his new and intoxicating romantic experience.

(September, 1862.) Dear, kind friend Alexandrine: On Sunday, September 23rd, I am to marry Sophia Behrs, daughter of my childhood friend L. I. To give you an idea of what she is, one would have to write volumes; I have never been so happy since I was born.

(September 28.) I have reached the age of thirty-four without knowing that one can love so and be so happy. When I am more tranquil I will write you a long letter; I don't mean more tranquil, exactly—I am more tranquil now than I have been in all my life—but when I have grown more accustomed to my new state. At present I always feel as if I have stolen some undeserved, illegitimate happiness not intended for me. And why am I loved by such good people like you and—stranger still—by a being like my wife?

(Autumn of 1863.) Who and what am I now, you will probably ask yourself. I am a husband and a father, fully satisfied with my condition and so used to it that, in order to realize my happiness, I must imagine what life would be without it. . . . I have never known my intellectual and even moral powers to be so free and so fit for work.

Tolstoy was still in such high romantic spirits a year later, when the first letters to his wife were written:

(August 9, 1864.) You say I'll forget you. Not for a minute, especially in company. While hunting I may forget, mindful only of the chase; but when among people, with every meeting, every word, I recall you and always want to say to you what I can say to no one else.

(November 24.) I don't think I could fall asleep without having written you. Whatever I do during the day, I think, "I shall write about it to Sonia."

(December 1.) If it wasn't for this writing, I feel I absolutely could not be one day without you.

(The same day.) How happy, it seems, I should now be with you; yet when I return we shall probably quarrel about some trifle. . . . Good-by, my dear friend. How I love and kiss you. All will be well and we shall know no unhappiness, if you will but love me as I love you.

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The last sentence is very significant. It occurs again and again in these letters, with hardly any variation, and shows that Tolstoy was a most passionate—even a jealous—husband. Even while he was still courting the young lady he wrote her: "If as a husband I am not to be loved as I love, it will be terrible." That this intense affection was not fully returned by his wife appears from Tolstoy's repeated reproaches and insinuations:

(December 7–10, 1864.) Your ill-humored letter reached me to-day, but even this gladdens and calms me! At a distance I love you even so, and near too. I cannot imagine you otherwise than in your changing moods of gaiety and tenderness, and sometimes in the mood in which you wrote this letter, which seldom comes upon you and which I always ascribe to physical causes—doing which, however, always makes you angry with me. But such is your mood when you suddenly grow jealous, as happened, you will remember, shortly before my departure.

. . . All the brunettes in your family are very amiable and sympathetic. The love of Alexandrovna [Tolstoy's mother-in-law] strikingly resembles yours. Even your bad traits are alike. I sometimes hear how she confidently starts talking of what she is ignorant, making positive assertions and exaggerations—and I recognize you. But I like you, any way. Sonia, my dear! How wise you are in everything you wish to put your mind to. It is because of this I say that you are [merely] indifferent to intellectual interests, and that not only is there no incapacity in you, but you have a mind—and a great mind [fo them]. And this have all the dark-complexioned Behrs, whom I especially like. . . . I do and do not like you when you imitate her [Tolstoy's above-mentioned aunt]. I would like you to be really as good as she is; but wish you to be (as indeed you are) made of finer clay and with greater intellectual interests. And so you are.

Having so delicately stated what appears to have been one great gap between husband and wife—a statement sympathetically retracted, however, as soon as made, Tolstoy concludes this long letter as follows:

I have another trouble: I am losing ardor for my writing, and imagine, you, the fool, with your non-intellectual interests, told me the actual truth [about *War and Peace,* on which Tolstoy was then engaged]. As a good wife, you thought about your husband as about your own self; and I remember your telling me that my military and historical [portions], in which I try so hard, will turn out poorly, while the other—the domestic [pictures], the characters, and the psychological [elements]—will be good. Nothing could be truer. And I remember how you said it, and remember all of you. And, like Tania [Countess Tolstoy's sister], I feel like exclaiming: "Mamma, I want to go to Yasnaya Polyana; I want Sophia!" I began writing you out of mood, and end an entirely different man. My darling! Only love me as I love you, and nothing else matters, and all's well.

That Tolstoy took his early matrimonial experience very

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moodily will already have been seen. His general feelings at this time, after two and a half years of married life, are best inferred from a note addressed to his aunt in which he wrote, among other things, this:

You will remember, I wrote you once that people err when they expect a kind of happiness unalloyed with trials, illusions, and woe, when everything runs evenly and blissfully. I was mistaken then. Such happiness does exist, and I am living in it the third year, and with every day it becomes deeper and better poised.

Yet, six months later, he wrote his wife reproachfully and apologetically: "We never before parted so coldly as this time, and therefore my conscience bothers me all the time." The following are in all his variable moods:

(Spring of 1866.) If it be possible to return sooner, I shall, for only with you, the children, and at home am I a man.

(September 27.) . . . But what especially cheered me up are your letters, the fact that *you* are in them. And you put the best of yourself into your letters and thoughts about me. In actual life I know this is lost amid cares and quarrelsomeness.

(November 16.) I feel that you were tired and out of mood when writing this letter. But even in bad moods you are dearer than all the world to me.

(June 20, 1867.) I have just read your letter, and cannot describe to you all the affection—tearful affection—I feel for you; and not only now, but every minute of the day. My darling, my angel, and best in the world! For God's sake, don't stop writing me every day. . . . Without you I am not sad exactly—although this, too, at times—but, worst of all, I am a dead man. So much do I love you in your absence—even to foolishness.

(Autumn.) Outside of intellectual needs, nothing in the world can interest me and distract my thoughts from you and home. The theater showed me this yesterday. I left it for grief, in the middle of a new play, and one that was well acted.

(Without date, 1869.) On this journey I realized for the first time to what extent I have become attached to you and the children. I can remain alone while constantly at work, as I am in Moscow, but the moment I am disengaged I feel that I absolutely cannot stay alone.

(July 16, 1871.) With every day's absence, I think of you more intensely, anxiously, and passionately; and I feel more depressed. . . . just now I feel like crying, so much do I love you.

(July 13, 1872.) To work without you, without knowing that you are here, seems impossible.

(January of 1877). I try not to think of you in your absence. Yesterday I approached your table, and, like one scalded, jumped away to avoid visualizing you. The same at night; I do not look in your direction.

(June of 1878.) I like this feeling of an unusual, a most spiritual love I bear you, which I feel more intensely in separation.

Three years later, while Tolstoy was in Caucasia undergoing koumys treatment, his wife wrote him complainingly

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of his neglect and even indifference. This called forth the following reply:

(August 2, 1881.) You won't believe how it troubles me that you are probably overtaxing your strength and how I repent having given you so little help [with the family]. In this respect the koumys has done me good; it has brought me down from the point of view from which, carried away by my work, I perforce viewed everything. I now see things differently. I still think and feel the same, but am cured of the delusion that others must view everything as I do. I was very guilty before you, dearest, unconsciously and unintentionally guilty, you know, but guilty none the less. My excuse is that, in order to work with such concentration as has been my wont and accomplish anything, one must forget everything else. And I did forget you too much, and repent it.

The following, written from his country home on his return from Moscow, where he had left wife and family, expresses Tolstoy's well-known dislike for city life.

(February 4, 1882.) You, ever at home and absorbed in family cares, cannot feel the difference that city and country make for me. The chief evil of city life for me and all men of thought is that one must either continually argue, refuting fallacious reasoning, or acquiesce in it without argument, which is still worse. And disputing or refuting nonsense and lies is a most idle occupation and a nerve-ending one; since there may be an infinite number of lies. Yet one engages in this and comes to believe it an occupation. But it is sheerest idleness. If one keeps out of disputation, however, he gets some point so clear that it precludes all possibility of dispute. And this can happen only in quietness and solitude.

Then in his amorous vein again:

(March 6.) I cannot live away from you. It is essential to me that all be together. . . . You say: "I love you, but you don't need my love at present." . . . . This only do I need, and nothing else can put new life in me. . . . Your love for me is my supreme joy in life.

Tolstoy, quite obviously, is for ever on the defensive; for ever apologizing for something or other that has given the slightest offense to his wife. It is obvious, too, that although his protestations of love are now as sincere as ever, a feeling of intensest sympathy gradually moderates and in the end displaces his earlier love. The next lengthy letter was written in reply to an unusually incisive one from his wife.

(June 15, 1883.) I received your letter, and the longer I read it the more I feel its coldness. There is nothing special in the letter, yet I didn't sleep all night and felt very dejected. I loved you so much, and there you reminded me of everything by which you deliberately kill my love. I wrote you that I took leave of you too coldly and hastily; and to this you reply that you are trying to live so that I may be unnecessary to you. Of me

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and of what constitutes my life you write as of some weakness, of which you hope I may be cured by means of koumys. Of our forthcoming meeting, which is for me a bright star ahead, . . . you write with apprehensions as to reproaches and unpleasantness on my part. Of yourself you write that you are so tranquil and contented that it only remains for me not to disturb this tranquillity and contentment by my presence. . . . Oh, if only you did not get these strange spells, I cannot imagine how my love for you would grow! Perhaps it must be so. But if it could be avoided, how good it would be.

I console myself [with the thought] that it was a bad mood which is long past, and now, having spoken out, have put the matter out of my mind. But still it is far from the feelings I had toward you before your last letter. Yes, that was too strong. But enough of this. Excuse me if I have pained you, for you know that there can be no dissembling between us.

Tolstoy then really felt, as did the Countess, that a turning-point in their relations had been reached. He wrote her thus:

(September 29, 1883.) . . . Of late—I cannot say since when—you have become especially dear and interesting to me—and dear in every way. It seems to me that a new tie has grown between us, and I am most fearful lest it break.

(October 28, 1884.) Why don't you write that you are lonesome without me and call me? This is not as last year. . . . That I need you for the fullness of my life is certain, but one can live also in an incomplete state. But if you are lonesome, tell me and I'll come at once.

The following extracts, from letters written in reply to complaints concerning Tolstoy's well-known indifference to pecuniary and other matters affecting his family, touch the very heart of the issues that divided husband and wife.

(October 29.) I cannot—don't be angry, darling—ascribe any importance whatever to these monetary accounts. These are not events like, for instance, sickness, marriage, birth, death, acquired knowledge, a good or bad act, the good or bad habits of people near and dear to us; but matters of our own making, which we have arranged one way and can rearrange a hundred different ways. I know that this [view] often makes you, and always makes the children, very tired (I think it is all well known); but I cannot help repeating that the happiness or unhappiness of us all cannot depend on whether we spend all or save, but only upon what we ourselves are. Supposing you leave a million to Kostinka [one of Tolstoy's sons], will that make him any happier? In order that this [view] should not appear contemptible, one must take a broader and deeper view of life.

(October, 1885.) Everything shows me that you are very agitated, and this grieves me very much—*i. e.*, I feel for you and am pained. I would like to help you, but you know yourself that I cannot do it and that my saying "I cannot" is no mere excuse. All those matters, or at least most of them, that trouble you—such as the education of the children, their progress, money matters, and even publishers' transactions—all these matters seem to me unnecessary and superfluous. Please don't yield to grief and the

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desire to reproach [me], for you know that this is due, not to double-dealing and laziness (in order to avoid effort), but to other reasons, which I do not deem bad ones; therefore, much as I like trying to reform myself, I cannot wish to reform in this respect. If, as you would say, you think I go to extremes, you need only enter into my motives to see that what I am governed by can have no extremes, because if we are to admit of any halting-place on the road to righteousness, it were best not to follow it at all. The nearer one's goal the harder it is to stop and the more intently one runs. For I look upon my life and my family thus and not otherwise, not from whimsicality, but because I came by this view of life in the school of painful experience. . . . I say all this only that you may have no ill-feelings against me, which, I fear, lurk in you. If I am wrong, then please forgive me; if not, eradicate your resentment toward me for remaining here [at Yasnaya Polyana] instead of coming to Moscow. My presence in Moscow, with the family, is well-nigh useless; the conditions of that life have a paralyzing effect on me, while the life itself is very repulsive to me—again owing to my general view of life, which I cannot change—and would greatly hinder my work. . . .

I know one thing: that for my peace of mind, and hence happiness, there must be affectionate relations between us, and therefore this is the first condition. If I find that you miss me, or that the separation from all becomes trying to me and work lags, I will come. And there everything will be seen; be it only in love and harmony.

(December 20.) . . . Again the same: "The task is beyond my strength"; "he never helps"; "I do everything"; "life does not wait" . . . The words are all familiar to me and, what's more, have no bearing whatever upon what I write and say. I said and say one thing: it is necessary that we consider and decide what is right and what is wrong, and which way to go; but so long as this remains unsettled it is not surprising that you suffer yourself and make others suffer. It is idle to talk of the imperative need of immediate action, since for people who have money for rent and food there are no imperative needs—save the need to think things over and live as is best. But, for God's sake, let us never speak of this again. I will not. I hope to be of stronger nerves hereafter and keep quiet. . . . I, at least, cannot change anything, as you know yourself. Only one thing remains: to cultivate tranquillity and kindness, of which I have little; and this I will endeavor to do. Good-by, my darling; I embrace and love and pity you. Love to the children. How lonesome you must be! I must come to you soon.

Thus the breach continued to widen—Tolstoy repeatedly, and without mincing words, stating his philosophical views, and his wife showing no particular eagerness either to understand or to adopt them. He never lost hope, however, of ultimately winning her over, and his letters would become unusually encouraging and sympathetic whenever he thought he saw her coming the least bit his way. Here are three fine specimens, written many years apart.

(March 29, 1889.) . . . Since I cannot help considering the life of the spirit as the main thing, I never cease sympathizing with your spiritual

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life, being gladdened by its appearance and saddened by its decline; while always not only hopeful, but sure that it will become more and more intense in you, ridding you of your suffering and bringing that happiness in which you sometimes seem not to believe, but which I always experience, and the more intensely the nearer I come to the end of corporeal existence.

(September 26, 1896.) You have great strength, not only physical, but moral. Only some little thing is lacking, but a most important one, which will come, I am sure. I shall be sorry in the next world if that will come after my death. Many grieve that fame comes to them when they are dead; I have no regrets on this score. I would forego not only much, but all, fame to have you in spiritual harmony with me in my lifetime, as you will be after my death.

(November 13.) You ask whether I still love you. My feelings toward you are such that I think they can never change, because there is in them everything that can bind people together. . . . No, not everything, either. There is lacking the outward agreement in convictions—I say "outward" because I think the disagreement is only external and am ever confident that it will disappear.

Well, it did not disappear, despite Tolstoy's persistent efforts, infinite patience, and extraordinary tact. But he clung to the hope to the very end, never seeming to realize the futility of his endeavors. The fact that she did not yearn for the consolations of his philosophy he always attributed more to his own tactlessness than to his wife's limitations. "I blame myself," Tolstoy wrote her on one occasion, "for my inability to learn to use feelings rather than logic in my dealings with you." And again: "I say that one cannot influence you—nor, indeed, women generally—by logic, which provokes you like some unlawful violence. Yet it is incorrect to say that we should not put reason above feelings and that we must, on the contrary, put feelings first." But we have seen how, in his relations with his wife, Tolstoy always allowed his feelings freer scope than his reason. Even after the above-mentioned affirmations we still find him indulging his intense feelings in the tenderest expressions of sympathy, encouragement, and regret.

(November, 1898.) I cannot shake off an oppressive feeling of sadness, my dear, sweet Sonia, when I recall your tears on the morning of departure. I am quite sure that the good, godlike qualities of which you have so many will subdue everything that now oppresses and torments you—all that apathy and the feeling of life's emptiness of which you complain; and that you will yet live a joyous, positive, and tranquil life. My only anxiety is, how not to hinder you, for help you I cannot in any way, save by an increase of love for you, which I constantly feel of late.

(December 1.) I do but sit and worry over your physical and, especially, spiritual condition, and reproach myself. You say I wish to be in the right. On the contrary, I wish to be in the wrong, and feel in the wrong for not

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managing so as not to grieve you. If you are suffering, and through me, then I must be to blame. I heartily repent this fault. If you were irritable and nervous, I am the more to blame for not putting myself in your place and feeling for you. I regret this now, but it is too late. . . . I write, and yet something holds me back. By misconstruing my words so as to be hurt by them you have scared me so that I am afraid to write. . . . Besides, what should I say? If, through misunderstanding and indisposition, I have unintentionally grieved you, please forgive me. I say "unintentionally," because I could not cause you pain deliberately, since, as I have written and told you, I lately feel greater and greater affection for you. Well, the sooner you answer the sooner I'll come, but, above all, you must not suffer as you do even when away. Suffering thus, you suffer not alone, for I suffer, too. I certainly cannot, *de gâité de cœur*, torture myself. Hence, if it does happen, it must be due to some misunderstanding.

I have reserved for the last two letters bearing on Tolstoy's final act in life—his flight from home. The first of these was written, but not delivered, to the Countess in 1897, thirteen years before the event it was intended to explain. The second, penned on the morning of Tolstoy's fatal departure, is the very last message she is known to have received from him.

(July 8, 1897.) Dear Sonia: The discord existing between my life and my convictions has long been tormenting me. I could not compel you to change your [mode of] life, the habits which I myself had fostered in you; nor could I leave you before now, fearing to deprive the children while young of what slight influence I might have over them and thus grieving you. But to continue living as I have lived these sixteen years—now wrangling with and irritating you, now myself yielding to the temptations of the environment to which I have grown accustomed—is equally impossible. Hence I have decided to do now what I have long wished to do: to go away; first because, with my rapidly advancing years, this [mode of] life becomes increasingly more trying for me, stimulating more and more my longing for solitude; and secondly, because, the children being grown up, my influence at home is no longer needed, while you all now have intenser interests that will make my absence little noticeable.

. . . . . .

My leaving you does not indicate that I was displeased with you. I am aware that you *could not*—really could not and cannot—see [things] and feel as I do, and therefore could not and cannot change your [mode of] life and make sacrifices in the name of something you do not recognize. Therefore I do not blame you, but, on the contrary, gratefully and lovingly recall the long thirty-five years of our life [together]—especially the first half of that period, when you, with your innate motherly self-abnegation, so energetically and unflinchingly performed what you considered your duty. You have given to me and to the world all you could give; have given much motherly love and devotion; and for this one cannot fail to esteem you. But during the last period of our life—the last fifteen years—we were not in harmony. I cannot think myself in the wrong, for I know that I

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changed, not for my sake or for the sake of others, but because I could not do otherwise.

I cannot blame you for not following me, but thank you and lovingly remember and will remember [you] for what you have given me. Good-by, dear Sonia.—Your loving Leo Tolstoy.

(November 10, 1910.) My going away grieves you. I am sorry, but understand and believe me that I cannot act differently. My position at home has become intolerable. Moreover, I cannot continue living in the state of ease in which I have been living; and I am now going to do what people of my advanced years commonly do: withdraw from the concerns of the world in order to spend the remaining years in peace and tranquillity.

Please understand me and, even should you know where I be, do not follow me. This course would only render your position and mine still worse, but would not shake my resolution.

I thank you for your forty-eight years of honest life with me and beg you to forgive me all my faults, as I, from the bottom of my heart, forgive you what faults you may have had. I advise you to reconcile yourself to the changed state of things caused by my departure and to feel no resentment toward me.

The most obvious thing to be said of these letters—it would be giving real meaning to a much-abused phrase to call them a human document—is that they afford another illustration of the fact that great men are apt to lead unhappy married lives. Their points of contact with the world at large are too few for them to find many in a particular individual. Hence, the greater the genius the greater the hazards of matrimony. Of course, the risks become chances when masculine and feminine greatness meet. Such happy coincidences are far too rare, however—probably because there is not enough greatness in the world to go round. Even when they do occur we have no guarantee of perfect and permanent marital fusion, since the influences tending to produce temperamental and other incompatibility do not become altogether inoperative with marriage. In other words, the most perfect matrimonial alliance may develop into an aggravated case of misalliance.

This is exactly what happened in the life of the Tolstoys, who were congenially mated, lived in perfect harmony for full twenty years, and then gradually drifted apart. How and why, we have seen. In view of the great gulf that developed between them—a gulf which only a Tolstoy could hope to bridge—the wonder is, not that the great Russian should have ultimately abandoned his home, but that he did not do it sooner. But even this is now accounted for by his heartfelt concern for his wife and family—especially his

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wife, whose anxieties and tribulations were never off his mind. "For the sake of the truth," says a critic, "Tolstoy spares no one." I think he came very near making an exception in favor of his wife, or there would not have been so many interesting letters. In only a few of these does he touch upon the big questions which agitated him, and there, as we have seen, so timidly and apologetically that the Tolstoy who always fearlessly attacked even the most popular fallacies is hardly recognizable. In most instances he really avoided all discussion of principles. What anguish one must feel who loves his wife as did Tolstoy and yet cannot unburden his mind on the most momentous matters, the reader will have no difficulty in imagining. Such lifelong restraint would in itself have lent a tragic character to the Tolstoy romance.

In publishing these letters to the world Tolstoy's widow was prompted, as I have already stated, by the desire for self-vindication. Well, now that we have sampled the evidence, what are we to think of her case? While neither ready nor called upon to "hand down an opinion," I would say that the Countess has certainly created a strong presumption in her favor by the mere publication of these letters—by inviting her critics, as she does in her preface, "to judge from actual and authentic data, and not from conjectures and lies." Undoubtedly the impression would have been more favorable still had she not chosen to withhold from us the last few letters pertaining to Tolstoy's flight. But even from what we have before us, it is quite clear that she has borne her share of suffering in this great spiritual tragedy—and borne it well. It must have been no small task to have endured so long the eccentricities of genius, of which Tolstoy had an ample assortment. Under such tremendous difficulties, few women could have done better, if any so well.

DAVID A. MODELL.

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THE MATTER WITH THE POETS

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

"Nothing probably is more dangerous for the human race than science without poetry, civilization without culture."—HOUSTON STEWART CHAMBERLAIN, *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century.*

"A poet in history is divine, but a poet in the next room is a joke."—MAX EASTMAN, *Enjoyment of Poetry.*

WHY has the present renaissance of the poetry-lover not yet brought with it a renaissance of the American poet? Almost every reason but the true one has been given. The true reason is that our poets are tired. They grew tired a couple of generations ago; and we have kept them in this condition ever since. With the rise of the modern metropolis, back in the seventies, city life began abruptly to be speeded up. At that time the poet—like almost every one else in the city—was unable to readjust his body at once to the new pace. He was like a six-day bicycle racer who should be lapped in a sudden and continued sprint. The sprint is still going on. Never again has the poet felt the exuberance with which he began. And never has he caught up to the leaders. The reason why the poet is tired is that he lives in the over-paced city. The reason why he lives in the city is that he is chained to it by the nature of his hack-work. And the reason for the hack-work is that the poet is the only one of all the various artists whose art almost never offers him a living. He alone is always obliged to earn in other ways the luxury of performing his appointed task in the world.

The poet is tired. Great art, however, is not the product of exhaustion, but of exuberance. It will have none of the skimmed milk of mere existence. Nothing less than the thick, pure cream of abounding vitality will do. In short, great art demands fullness of life. The exhausted artist has but three courses open to him: either to stimulate himself into a counterfeit, and suicidally brief, exuberance; or to

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relapse into mediocrity; or to gain a healthy fullness of life. Somewhat more insistently than the other arts, poetry demands of its servant this brimming over of vitality. For the making of poetry combines, with quite as intense an emotional demand as music, painting, architecture, or sculpture, a more intense and persistent intellectual demand. Thus in the present era of overstrain the poet's art has been swift to succumb and slow to recuperate.

The poet who is obliged to live in the city has not yet been able to readjust his body to the pace of modern urban life, so that he may live among its never-ending conscious and unconscious stimulations, and still keep on hand a triumphant reserve of vitality to pour into his poems. Under these new and strenuous conditions very little real poetry has been written in our cities. American poets, despite their genuine love of town and their struggles to produce worthy lines amid its turmoil, have almost invariably done the best of their actually creative work during the precious moments that could be snatched in wood and meadow, by weedy marsh or rocky headland. To his friends it was touching to see with what wistfulness Richard Watson Gilder used to seek his farm at Tyringham for a day or two of poetry after a fortnight of wearing office-life. Even Walt Whitman—poet of cities that he was—had to retire "precipitate" from his beloved Manahatta in order fitly to celebrate her perfections. In fact, Mr. Stedman was perhaps the only one of our more important singers at the close of the century who could do his best work in defiance of Emerson's injunction to the poet: "Thou shalt lie close hid with nature, and canst not be afforded to the Capitol or the Exchange."

One reason for the rapidly growing preponderance of women—and especially of unmarried women—among our poetic leaders, is undoubtedly to be found in the fact that women, more often than men, command the means of living for a generous portion of the year that vital, unstrenuous, contemplative country existence demanded by poetry as an antecedent condition of its creation. Most of our promising poets of both sexes, however, have of late had little enough to do with the country. And the result is that the supreme songs of the twentieth century have remained unsung, to eat out the hearts of their potential singers. For fate has thrown most of our poets quite on their own resources, so that they have been obliged to live in the large cities, sup-

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porting life within the various kinds of hack-harness into which the uncommercially shaped withers of Pegasus can be forced. I mean such harness as journalism, editing, compiling, reading for publishers, hack-article writing, and so on. Fate has also seen to it that the poet's make-up is seldom conspicuous by reason of a bull-neck, pugilistic limbs, and the nervous equipoise of a dray-horse. What he may lack in strength, however, he is apt to make up in hectic ambition. Thus it often happens that when the city does not consume quite all of his available energy, the poet, with his inadequate physique, chafes against the hack-work and yields to the call of the luring creative ideas that constantly beset him. Then, after yielding, he chafes again, and more bitterly, at his faint, imperfect expression of these dreams, recognizing in despair that he has been creating a mere crude by-product of the strenuous life about him. So he burns the torch of life at both ends, and the superhuman speed of modern existence eats it through in the middle. Then suddenly the light fails altogether.

Those poets alone who have unusual physical endurance are able to do even a small amount of steady, fine-grained work in the city. The rest are as effectually debarred from it as factory children are debarred from learning the violin well at the fag-end of their days of toil. In her autobiography Miss Jane Addams speaks some luminous words about the state of society which forces finely organized artistic talent into the exhausting struggle for mere existence. She refers to it as " one of the haunting problems of life; why do we permit the waste of this most precious human faculty, this consummate possession of all civilization? When we fail to provide the vessel in which it may be treasured, it runs out upon the ground and is irretrievably lost." A popular fallacy declares that the light of genius " will out." This is true; but only in a sadder sense than the stupidly proverbial one. The light of genius is all too easily snuffed out and trampled out.

We have heard not a little about the conservation of land, ore, wood, and water. The question what to do about our poetry concerns itself with an elder sort of conservation; one about which we heard much even as youngsters in college. This is the conservation of energy. Our poetry will never flourish until either the bodies of our city-prisoned poets manage to overtake the speeding-up process and re-

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adjust themselves to it—or until we allow them an opportunity to return for an appreciable part of every year—

Where Art and Nature sing and smile

together. It is true that the masters of the other arts have not fared any too well at our hands; but they do not need help quite as badly as the poets need it. What with commissions and sales, scholarships, fellowships, and substantial prizes, the painters, sculptors, and architects, and even the musicians, have, broadly speaking, been able to learn and practise their art in that peace and security which is well-nigh essential to all artistic apprenticeship and productive mastery. They have usually been able to spend more time in the country than the poet. And even when bound as fast as he to the city, they have not been forced to choose between burning the candle at both ends or abandoning their art.

But, for some recondite reason—perhaps because this other art cannot be taught at all—it has always been an accepted American conviction that poetry is a thing which may be thrown off at any time as a side-issue by highly organized persons, most of whose time and strength and faculties are engaged in a vigorous and engrossing hand-to-hand bout with the wolf on the threshold—a most practical, philistine wolf, moreover, which never heard of rhyme or rhythm, and whose whole acquaintance with prosody is confined to a certain greedy familiarity with frayed masculine and feminine endings. As a result of this common conviction our poets have almost invariably been obliged to make their art a subsidiary and haphazard affair, like the rearing of children by a mother who is forced to go out and scrub from early morning till late at night and has to leave little Johnnie tied in his high chair to be fed by an elder sister on crusts dabbled in the pot of cold coffee. No wonder that so much of our verse "jest growed," like Topsy. And the resulting state of things has but served to reinforce our belief that to make the race of poets spend their days in correcting encyclopædia proof or running, note-book in hand, to fires—inheres in the eternal fitness of things.

Perhaps we have never yet realized that this attitude of ours would turn poetic success into a question of the survival of that paradox, the commercially shrewd poet, or of the poet who by some happy accident of birth or marriage

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has inherited an income, or of that prodigy of versatility who, in our present state of civilization, besides being mentally and spiritually fit for the poet's calling, is also physically fit to bear the strain of doing two men's work. Perhaps we had better say, three men's—for simply doing the full work of a poet is about as nerve-consuming an occupation as any two ordinary men could support healthily in common —and the third would have to run to fires for the first two.

It is natural to the character of the American business man to declare that the professional poet has no reason for existence *qua* poet unless he can make his art support him. But let the business man bear in mind that, if plays were excluded, it would take not even a five-foot shelf to contain all the first-rate poetry which was ever written by poets in a state of poetic self-support.

Those who insist upon judging the art of poetry on the hard, American "cash basis" ought for the sake of consistency to apply the same criterion as well to colleges, symphony orchestras, institutions for scientific research, missions, settlements, libraries, and all other unlucrative educational institutions. With inexorable logic they should insist that people really do not need or desire knowledge or any sort of uplift, because they are not prepared to pay down its full cost. It is precisely this sort of logic which would treat the Son of Man, if He should appear among us, to a bench in Bryant Park and a place in the bread-line, and send the traffic squad to ride down his socialistic meetings in Union Square. No! poetry and most other forms of higher education have always had to be subsidized—and probably always will. When wisely subsidized, however, poetry is very likely to repay its support in princely fashion. In fact, I know of no other investment to-day that would bring us in so many thousand per cent. of return as a small fresh-air fund for poets.

We Americans are rather apt to complain of the comparatively poor, unoriginal showing which our poets have as yet made among those of other nations. We are quietly disgusted that only two of all our bards have ever made their work forcibly felt in Europe, and that neither Poe nor Whitman have ever profoundly influenced the great masses of their own people. Despite our splendid inheritance, our richly mingled bloods, our incomparably stimulating New World atmosphere, why has our poetry made such a meager

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showing among the nations? The chief reason is obvious. *We have been unwilling to let our poets live while they worked for us.* True, we have the reputation of being an open-handed, even an extravagantly generous folk. But thriftiness in small matters often goes with an extravagant disposition, much as manifestations of piety often accompany depravity like flying buttresses consciously placed outside the edifice. We have spent millions on bronze and marble book-palaces which shall house the works of the poets, and billions on universities which shall teach these works. But as for making it possible for our few real poets completely to fulfil their priceless functions—we have satisfied ourselves by decreeing: "Let there be a sound cash basis."

What have we done with our poets? In the old days we set Longfellow and Lowell at one of the most exhausting of professions — teaching. We made Emerson do one-night lecture-stands all winter long in the West. We made Bryant ruin a gift as elemental as Wordsworth's in journalism; Holmes visit patients at all hours of the day and night; Poe take to newspaper offices and drink. We made Whitman drive nails, set type, and drudge in the Indian Bureau in Washington, from which he was dismissed for writing the most original and the most poetic of American books. Later he was rescued from want only by the humiliation of a public European subscription. Lanier we allowed to waste away in a dingy lawyer's office, then kill himself so fast by teaching and writing railway advertisements and playing the flute is an orchestra that he was forced to defer composing "Sunrise" until too weak with fever to carry his hand to his lips. And this was eleven years after that brave spirit's single cry of reproach, in "June Dreams in January":

> Why can we poets dream us beauty, so,
> But cannot dream us bread?

With Lanier the physical exhaustion incident to the modern speeding-up process began to be more apparent. Edward Rowland Sill we did away with in his early prime through journalism and teaching. We curbed and pinched the generous art of Richard Watson Gilder by piling upon him several men's editorial work. We created a poetic resemblance between Arthur Upson and the hero of *The*

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Divine Fire by employing him in a bookstore. We drove William Vaughn Moody to teaching in Chicago, and later to setting the hand that gave us "An Ode in Time of Hesitation" to the building of popular melodrama. These are only a tithe of the things that we have done to the hardiest of our poets.

It is not pleasant to dwell on the fate of those less sturdy ones who have remained mute, inglorious Miltons for lack of a little practical appreciation and a small part of a small fresh-air fund.

More than almost any other civilized nation we have earned Allen Upward's reproach:[1]

> There are two kinds of human outcasts. Man, in his march upward out of the deep into the light, throws out a vanguard and a rear-guard, and both are out of step with the main body. Humanity condemns equally those who are too good for it and those who are too bad. On its Procrustean bed the stunted members of the race are racked; the giants are cut down. It puts to death with the same ruthless equality the prophet and the atavist. The poet and the drunkard starve side by side. . . . Literature is the chief ornament of humanity; and perhaps humanity never shows itself uglier than when it stands with the pearl shining on its forehead and the pearl-maker crushed beneath its heel. . . . England will always have fifteen thousand a year for some respectable clergyman; she will never have it for Shelley.

Yes, but how incomparably better England has treated her poets than America has treated hers! What convenient little plums, as De Quincey somewhat wistfully remarked, were always being found for Wordsworth just at the psychological moment; and they were not withheld, moreover, until he was full of years and honors. Indeed, we owe this poet to the philanthropist of whom Wordsworth says in "The Prelude":

> He deemed that my pursuits and labors lay
> Apart from all that leads to wealth, or even
> A necessary maintenance insures,
> Without some hazard to the finer sense.

How tenderly the frail bodies of Coleridge and of Francis Thompson were cared for by their appreciators. How potently the Civil List and the laureateship have helped a long, if most uneven, line of England's singers. Over against our solitary aging Aldrich, how many great English poets like Byron, Keats, the Brownings, Swinburne, and Tennyson have found themselves with small but independent incomes,

[1] In *The New Word.*

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free to give their whole unembarrassed souls and all that in them was to their art. And all this since the close of the age of patronage!

Why have we never had a Wordsworth or a Browning? For one thing, because this nation of philanthropists has been too thoughtless to found the small fellowship in creative poetry which might have freed a Wordsworth of ours from communion with a cash-book to wander chanting his new-born lines among the dreamy Adirondack lakes or the frowning Sierras; or that might have sought out our Browning in his grocery-store and built him a modest retreat among the Thousand Islands. If not too thoughtless to act thus, we have been too timid. We have been too much afraid of encouraging weaklings by mistake. We have been, in fact, more afraid of encouraging a single mediocre poet than of neglecting a score of Shelleys. But we should remember that no harm is done, even if the weak are encouraged with the strong. Time soon blows away every trace of the weak. And it were better to help hundreds of them than to risk the loss of one new Shelley.

So far as I know, Thomas Bailey Aldrich is the only prominent figure among the poets of our elder generations who was given the means of devoting himself entirely to his art, And even *his* fortune was left him too late. I am quite aware that he wrote, after coming into his inheritance:

> A man should live in a garret aloof,
> And have few friends, and go poorly clad,
> With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof,
> To keep the goddess constant and glad.

But a friend of Mr. Aldrich's, one of his poetic peers, assures me that it was not the poet's freedom from financial cares at all, but premature age, instead, that made his goddess of poesy fickle after the advent of the pitifully belated fortune. Mr. Stedman spoke a far truer word on this subject. "Poets," he said, "in spite of the proverb, sing best when fed by wage or inheritance." "'Tis the convinced belief of mankind," said Francis Thompson, with a sardonic smile, "that to make a poet sing you must pinch his belly, as if the Almighty had constructed him like certain rudimentarily vocal dolls." "No artist," says Arnold Bennett, "was ever assisted in his career by the yoke, by servitude, by enforced monotony, by economic inferiority." And Bliss Carman speaks out loud and bold: "The best

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poets who have come to maturity have always had some means of livelihood at their command. The idea that any sort of artist or workman is all the better for being doomed to a life of penurious worry is such a silly old fallacy one wonders it could have persisted so long." The wolf may be splendid at suckling journalism and various other less inspired sorts of writing, but she is a ferocious old stepmother to poetry. There are some who snatch at any argument in support of the existing order, and who triumphantly point out the great number of good poems that were written under "seemingly" adverse conditions. But they do not stop to consider how much better these poems might have been made under "seemingly" favorable conditions. Percy Mackaye was right when he declared that the few singers left to English poetry after our "wholesale driving-out and killing-out of poets . . . are of two sorts—those with incomes and those without. Among the former are found most of the excellent names in English poetry; a fact which is hardly a compliment to our civilization."

Would that one of those excellent philanthropists who has grown so accustomed to giving a million to libraries and universities that the act has become slightly mechanical might realize that he has, with all his munificence, made no provision as yet for helping the most indispensable part of our population! Would that he might realize how little good the poet can derive from the universities—places whose conservative formalism is even dangerous to his originality, because they try to melt him along with all the other students and pour him into their one mold. It is distressing to think of all the good money now devoted to inducing callow, overdriven sophomores to compose forced essays and doggerel, by luring them on with the glitter of cash prizes. One shudders to think of all the fellowship money which is now being used to finance reluctant young dry-as-dusts while they are preparing to pack still tighter the already overcrowded ranks of professors of English Literature whose profession—as Gerald Stanley Lee justly remarks—is founded on the striking principle that a very great book can be taught by a very little man. This is a department of human effort which, as now usually conducted, succeeds in destroying much budding appreciation of poetry. Why endow these would-be interpreters of the art, to the utter neglect of the class of artists whose work

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they profess to interpret? What should we think of England if her Victorian poets had all happened to be penniless, and she had packed them off to Grub Street, and invested, instead, in a few more professors of Victorian literature? Why should not a few thousands out of the millions we spend on education be used to found fellowships of creative poetry? These would be given not to those who wish to learn to write poetry, for the first thousands would be far too precious for use in any such wild-cat speculations. They would be devoted rather to poets of proven quality who have already, somehow, learned their art, and who ask no more wondrous boon from life than fresh air and time to regain and keep that necessary margin of exuberance which must go to the making of real poetry.

I would not have the incumbent of such a fellowship, however, deprived suddenly of all outer incentives for effort. The abrupt transition from constant worry and war among his members to an absolutely unclouded life of pure vocation-following might be almost too violent a shock, and unsettle him and injure his productivity for a time. The income of such a fellowship, in my opinion, should be small. It should be such a sum as would almost, but not quite, support a poet very simply in the country, and still allow for books and an occasional trip to town. In some cases an annual income of a thousand dollars, supplemented by the little that poetry earns and a random article or story in the magazines would enable a poet to lead a life of the largest effectiveness. It is my belief that almost any genuine poet who is now kept in the whirl by economic reasons, and thus debarred from the free practice of his calling, would gladly relinquish even a large salary and reduce his life to simple terms to gain the inestimable privilege of devoting himself wholly to his art during the years before the golden bowl is broken. Many of those who are in intimate touch with the poetry of America to-day could show any philanthropist how to do his land and the world more actual, visible, immediate good by devoting a thousand dollars to poetry, than by allowing a hundred times that sum to slip into the ordinary channels of philanthropy.

Some years ago a *questionnaire* was submitted to various successful literary men by a poetry-lover who hoped to induce a wealthy friend to subsidize poets of promise in case these leaders approved the plan. Their answers were pub-

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lished in *The Independent* for July 28, 1910. While most of the *littérateurs* warmly favored the idea, a few of the elder ones opposed it. These were men who had each made a financial success in more lucrative branches of literature than poetry: and it was perfectly natural for veterans who had brawnily struggled through the burden and heat of the day to look with the unsympathetic eyes of the sturdy upon those frailer ones of the rising generation who perhaps might, without assistance, be eliminated in the rough and tumble of the literary market-place. Of course it was but human for the veterans to insist that any real genius among their youthful competitors "would out," and that any assistance would but make life too soft for the youngsters, and go to swell the existing flood of bad verse by mitigating the primal rigors of natural selection. No doubt the generation of writers elder than Wordsworth quite innocently uttered these very same sentiments in voices of deep authority when it was proposed to offer that young person a chance to compose in peace.

Few supporters of the general plan, on the other hand, were wholly in favor of all the measures proposed for carrying it out. Some of the most telling criticisms went to show that while poets of real ability ought to be helped, the method of their selection offers grave difficulties. H. G. Wells, who heartily approved the main idea, brought out the fact that it would never do to leave the choice to a jury, as no jury would ever have voted for a half of the great poets who have perished miserably. Juries are much too conventionally minded. For they are public functionaries; or, if not that, at least they feel self-consciously as if they were to be held publicly responsible, and tend to bring conventional and perhaps priggish standards to bear upon their choice. "They invariably become timid and narrow," says Mr. Wells, "and seek refuge in practical, academic, and moral tests that invariably exclude the real men of genius."

Prizes and competitions were considered equally ill-advised methods of selection. It is significant that these methods are now being dropped in the fields of sculpture and architecture. For the mere thought of a competition is a thing essentially antagonistic to the creative impulse; and talent is likely to acquit itself better than genius in such a struggle. The idea of a poetic competition is a relic of a pioneer mode of thought. Mr. Wells concludes that the de-

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cision should be made by the individual. But I cannot agree with him that the same individual should be the donor of the fellowship. This would-be savior of our American poetry should select the best judge of poets and poetry that he can discover and be guided by his advice.

On general principles, there are several things that this judge should *not* be. He should not be a professor of English, because of the professor's usual bias toward the academic. Besides, these fellowships ought not in any way to be associated with institutions of learning—places which are hostile to the creative impulse. Neither should the momentous decision be left to editors or publishers, because they are usually suffering from literary indigestion caused by skimming too many manuscripts too fast, and because, at any rate, they ordinarily pay so little attention to poetry and hold it commercially "in one grand despise." Nor should the normal type of poet be chosen to decide this question. For the poet is apt to have a narrow, one-sided view of the field. He has probably developed his own distinctive style and personality at the expense of artistic catholicity and kindly breadth of critical judgment.

To whom, then, should the decision be left? It should be left, in my opinion, to a real *judge*—to some broad, keen critic of poetry with a clear, unbiased view of the whole domain of the art. It matters not whether he is professional or amateur, if he is untouched by the academic and has not done so much reading or writing as to impair his digestion and his clarity of vision.

It seems to me that perhaps one ideal way of liberating the poets of the republic would be by founding fellowships in creative poetry through the general democratic subscription of all poetry-lovers. In that case, means would have to be devised for safeguarding the critic-judge from undue pressure in favor of this candidate or that; and for guarding the incumbents of the fellowships against more insidious influences. For the liberated poets would be merely exchanging prisons if they felt that the contributors to the fund assumed to dictate what sort of poetry the poets should write. Needless to say, the idea of charity should no more be connected with the award of such a fellowship than it is with the award of a Nobel prize. It should be a high honor, not a charity.

Men say that money cannot buy a joyful heart. But next

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to writing a great poem, I can scarcely imagine a finer happiness than to know that a thousand of my dollars had enabled a newly ripened genius to shake from his shoes the dust of a city office and go for a year to "God's outdoors," there to free his system of some of the beauty that had chokingly accumulated until it had grown an almost intolerable pain. What happiness to know that my gold had given men the modern New World "Hyperion" or "Prelude" or "Ring and the Book!" And even if that whole year resulted in nothing more than a "Rabbi Ben Ezra" or a "Crossing the Bar," could one possibly consider such a result in the same thought-wave with dollars and cents?

But this sum might do something even better than help produce counterparts of famous poems created in other times and lands. It might actually secure the inestimable boon of a year's leisure, a procession of peaceful vistas and vital bloom for one of those "poets to come" whom our old Walt Whitman so confidently counted upon to "justify him and answer what he was for"—that

> new brood, native, athletic, continental, greater than before known.

This handful of gold might make it possible for one of these new poets to come into his own, and ours, at once, and in his own person to accomplish that fusion so devoutly to be wished—of those diverse factors of the greatest poetry which have existed among us thus far only in awful isolation, as the possession of this one and that of our chief singers.

How fervently we poetry-lovers wish that one of the captains of industry would feel impelled to put his hand into his pocket—if only into his smallest watch-pocket—or to revise his will in favor of the art! It would be such poetic justice if one of those who have prospered most through the very speeding-up process which has seriously crippled our poetry should devote to its service a small tithe of what he has won from poetry's loss—and thus hasten our renaissance of song and lure a new dawn, "brighter than before known" out of the dusk of the poets.

Robert Haven Schauffler.

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LIFE AND MIND

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

THERE are three kinds of change in the world in which we live—physical and mechanical change which goes on in time and place among the tangible bodies about us, chemical change which goes on in the world of hidden molecules and atoms of which bodies are composed, and vital change which involves the two former, but which also involves the mysterious principle or activity which we call life. Life comes and goes, but the physical and chemical orders remain. The vegetable and animal kingdoms wax and wane, or disappear entirely, but the physico-chemical forces are as indestructible as matter itself. This fugitive and evanescent character of life, the way it uses and triumphs over the material forces, setting up new chemical activities in matter, sweeping over the land areas of the earth like a conflagration, lifting the inorganic elements up into myriads of changing and beautiful forms, instituting a vast number of new chemical processes and compounds, defying the laboratory to reproduce it or kindle its least spark—a flame that cannot exist without carbon and oxygen, but of which carbon and oxygen do not hold the secret, a fire reversed, building up instead of pulling down, in the vegetable with power to absorb and transmute the inorganic elements into leaves and fruit and tissue; in the animal with power to change the vegetable products into bone and muscle and nerve and brain, and finally into thought and consciousness—run by the solar energy and dependent upon it, yet involving something which the sunlight cannot give us—in short, an activity in matter, or in a limited part of matter, as real as the physico-chemical activity, but, unlike it, defying all analysis and explanation and all our attempts at synthesis. It is this character of life, I say, that so easily leads us to look upon

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it as something *ab extra,* or superadded to matter, and not an evolution from it. It has led Sir Oliver Lodge to conceive of life as a distinct entity, existing independent of matter, and it is this conception that gives the key to Henri Bergson's wonderful book, *Creative Evolution.*

There is possibly or probably a fourth change in matter, physical in its nature, but much more subtle and mysterious than any of the physical changes which our senses reveal to us. I refer to radioactive change, or to the atomic transformation of one element into another, such as the change of radium into helium, and the change of helium into lead—a subject that takes us to the borderland between physics and chemistry where is still debatable ground.

I began by saying that there were three kinds of changes in matter—the physical, the chemical, and the vital. But if we follow up this idea and declare that there are three kinds of force also, claiming this distinction for the third term of our proposition, we should be running counter to the main current of recent biological science. "The idea that a peculiar 'vital force' acts in the chemistry of life," says Professor Soddy, "is extinct."

"Only chemical and physical agents influence the vital processes," says Professor Czapek of the University of Prague, "and we need no longer take refuge in mysterious 'vital forces' when we want to explain these."

Tyndall was obliged to think of a force that guided the molecules of matter into the special form of a tree. This force was in the ultimate particles of matter. But when he came to the brain and to consciousness, he says, a new product appears that defies mechanical treatment.

The attempt of the biological science of our time to wipe out all distinctions between the living and the non-living, solely because scientific analysis reveals no difference, is a curious and interesting phenomenon. The French biologist, Professor Le Dantec of the Sorbonne, in his volume on *The Nature and Origin of Life,* sees no more difference between inert and animate matter than between two chemical compounds, one with two less atoms of hydrogen in its composition than the other.

Professor Schäffer, in his presidential address before the British Association in 1912, argues that all the main characteristics of living matter, such as assimilation and disassimilation, growth and reproduction, spontaneous and amœboid

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movement, osmotic pressure, karyokinesis, etc., were equally apparent in the non-living; therefore he concluded that life is only one of the many chemical reactions, and that it is not improbable that it will yet be produced by chemical synthesis in the laboratory. The logic of the position taken by Professor Schäffer and of the school to which he belongs, demands this artificial production of life—an achievement that seems no nearer than it did a half century ago. When it has been attained, the problem will be simplified, but the mystery of life will by no means have been cleared up. One follows these later bio-chemists in working out their problem of the genesis of life with keen interest, but always with a feeling that there is more in their conclusions than is justified by their premises. I for my own part am not looking for an appeal to any teleological factor or principal in nature. I am convinced that whatever is, is natural, but I feel the need of something of a different order from the spark evoked by the flint and the steel, or the reaction of chemical compounds, though if asked to explain what this something is that is characteristic of living matter, I should be hard put for an answer.

The new school of biologists start with matter that possesses extraordinary properties—with matter that seems inspired with the desire for life, and behaving in a way that it never will behave in the laboratory. They begin with the earth's surface warm and moist, the atmosphere saturated with watery vapor and carbon dioxide and many other complex unstable compounds; there they summon all the material elements of life—carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, with a little sodium, chlorine, iron, sulphur, phosphorus, and others—and make these run together to form a jelly-like body called a colloid; then they endow this jelly mass with the power of growth, and of subdivision when it gets too large; they make it able to absorb various unstable compounds from the air, giving it internal stores of energy, "the setting free of which would cause automatic movements in the lump of jelly." Thus they lay the foundations of life. This carbonaceous material with properties of movement and subdivision due to mechanical and physical forces is the immediate ancestor of the first imaginary living being, the *protobion*. To get this *protobion* the chemists summon a reagent known as catalyser. The catalyser works its magic on the jelly mass. It sets up a wonderful reaction

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by its mere presence, without parting with any of its substance. Thus a bit of platinum which has this catalytic power is dropped into a vessel containing a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen; the two gases instantly unite and form water. A catalyser introduced in the primordial jelly liberates energy and gives the substance power to break up the various complex unstable compounds into food, and promote growth and subdivision. In fact, it awakens or imparts a vital force and leads to "indefinite increase, subdivision, and movement."

With Professor Schäffer there is first "the fortuitous production of life upon this globe"—the chance meeting or jostling of the elements that resulted in a bit of living protoplasm, "or a mass of colloid slime" in the old seas, or on their shores, "possessing the property of assimilation and therefore of growth." Here the whole mystery is swallowed at one gulp. "Reproduction would follow as a matter of course," because all material of this physical nature—fluid or semi-fluid in character—"has a tendency to undergo subdivision when its bulk exceeds a certain size."

"A mass of colloidal slime" that has the power of assimilation and of growth and reproduction, is certainly a new thing in the world, and no chemical analysis of it can clear up the mystery. It is easy enough to produce colloidal slime, but to endow it with these wonderful powers so that "the promise and the potency of all terrestrial life" slumbers in it is a staggering proposition.

Whatever the character of this subdivision, whether into equal parts or in the form of buds,

> every separate part would resemble the parent in chemical and physical properties, and would equally possess the property of taking in and assimilating suitable material from its liquid environment, growing in bulk and reproducing its like by subdivision. In this way from any beginning of living material a primitive form of life would spread and would gradually people the globe. The establishment of life being once effected, all forms of organization follow under the inevitable laws of evolution.

Why all forms of organization—why the body and brain of man—must inevitably follow from the primitive bit of living matter, is just the question upon which we want light. The proposition begs the question. Certainly when you have got the evolutionary process once started in matter which has these wonderful powers, all is easy. The pro-

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fessor simply describes what has taken place and seems to think that the mystery is thereby cleared up, as if by naming all the parts of a machine and their relation to one another, the machine is accounted for. What caused the iron and steel and wood of the machine to take this special form, while in other cases the iron and steel and wood took other radically different forms, and vast quantities of these substances took no form at all?

In working out the evolution of living forms by the aid of the blind physical and chemical agents alone, Professor Schäffer unconsciously ascribes the power of choice and purpose to the individual cells, as when he says that the cells of the external layer sink below the surface for better protection and better nutrition. It seems to have been a matter of choice or will that the cells developed a nervous system in the animal and not in the vegetable. Man came because a few cells in some early form of life acquired a slightly greater tendency to react to an external stimulus. In this way they were brought into closer touch with the outer world and thereby gained the lead of their duller neighbor cells, and became the real rulers of the body, and developed the mind.

One reads Professor Schäffer's address with a peculiar feeling of admiration and bewilderment—admiration for its lucidity, its physiological science, and the logical texture of the argument, and bewilderment on having it urged upon him by so competent a mind that at bottom there is no fundamental difference between the living and non-living. We need not urge the existence of a peculiar vital force, as distinct from all other forces, but all distinctions between things are useless if we cannot say that a new behavior is set up in matter which we describe by the word "vital," and that a new principle is operative in organized matter which we must call "intelligence." Of course all movements and processes of living beings are in conformity with the general laws of matter, but does such a statement necessarily rule out all idea of the operation of an organizing and directing principle that is not operative in the world of inanimate things?

In this philosophy evolution is purely a mechanical process—there is no inborn tendency, no inherent push, no organizing effort, as Bergson urges, but all results from the blind groping and chance jostling of the inorganic elements;

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from the molecules of undifferentiated protoplasm to the brain of a Christ or a Plato, is just one series of unintelligent physical and chemical activities in matter.

May we not say that all the marks or characteristics of a living body which distinguish it in our experience from an inanimate body, are of a non-scientific character, or outside the sphere of experimental science? We recognize them as readily as we distinguish day from night, but we cannot describe them in the fixed terms of science. When we say growth, metabolism, osmosis, the colloidal state, science points out that all this may be affirmed of inorganic bodies. When we say a life principle, a vital force or soul or spirit or intelligence, science turns a deaf ear.

The difference between the living and the non-living is not so much a physical difference as a metaphysical difference. Living matter is actuated by intelligence. Its activities are spontaneous and self-directing. The rock, and the tree that grows beside it, and the insects and rodents that burrow under it, may all be made of one stuff, but their difference to the beholder is fundamental; there is an intelligent activity in the one that is not in the other. Now no scientific analysis of a body will reveal the secret of this activity. As well might your analysis of a phonographic record hope to disclose a sonata of Beethoven latent in the waving lines. No power of chemistry could reveal any difference between the gray matter of Plato's brain and that of the humblest citizen of Athens. All the difference between man, all that makes a man a man, and an ox an ox, is beyond the reach of any of your physico-chemical tests. By the same token the gulf that separates the organic from the inorganic is not within the power of science to disclose. The biochemist is bound to put life in the category of the material forces because his science can deal with no other. To him the word "vital" is a word merely, it stands for no reality, and the secret of life is merely a chemical reaction. A living body awakens a train of ideas in our minds that a non-living fails to awaken —a train of ideas that belong to another order from that awakened by scientific demonstration. We cannot blame science for ruling out that which it cannot touch with its analysis, or repeat with its synthesis. The phenomena of life are as obvious to us as anything in the world; we know their signs and ways, and witness their power, yet in the

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alembic of our science they turn out to be only physico-chemical processes; hence that is all there is of them. Vitality, says Huxley, has no more reality than the horology of a clock. Yet Huxley sees three equal realities in the universe — matter, energy, and consciousness. But consciousness is the crown of a vital process. Hence it would seem as if there must be something more real in vitality than Huxley is willing to admit.

II

Nearly all the later biologists or biological philosophers are as shy of the term "vital force," and even of the word "vitality," as they are of the words "soul," "spirit," "intelligence," when discussing natural phenomena. To experimental science such words have no meaning because the supposed realities for which they stand are quite beyond the reach of scientific analysis. Sir Ray Lankaster in his *Science from an Easy Chair* compares vitality with aqueosity, and says that to have recourse to a vital principle or force to explain a living body is no better philosophy than to appeal to a principle of aqueosity to explain water. Of course words are words, and they have such weight with us that when we have got a name for a thing it is very easy to persuade ourselves that the thing exists. The terms "vitality," "vital force," have long been in use, and it is not easy to convince oneself that they stand for no reality. Certain it is that living and non-living matter are sharply separated, though when reduced to their chemical constituents in the laboratory they are found to be identical. The carbon, the hydrogen, the nitrogen, the oxygen, and the lime, sulphur, iron, etc., in a living body are in no way peculiar, but are the same as these elements in the rocks and the soil. We are all made of one stuff; a man and his dog are made of one stuff; an oak and a pine are made of one stuff; Jew and Gentile are made of one stuff. Should we be justified, then, in saying that there is no difference between them? There is certainly a moral and an intellectual difference between a man and his dog, if there is no chemical and mechanical difference. And there is as certainly as wide or a wider difference between living and non-living matter, though it be beyond the reach of science to detect. For this difference we have to have a name, and we use the words "vital," "vitality," which seem to me to stand for as un-

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deniable realities as the words heat, light, chemical affinity, gravitation. There is not a principle of roundness, though "nature centers into balls," nor of squareness, though crystallization is in right lines, nor of aqueosity, though two-thirds of the surface of the earth is covered with water. Can we on any better philosophical grounds say that there is a principle of vitality, though the earth swarms with living beings? Yet the word vitality stands for a reality, it stands for a peculiar activity in matter—for certain movements and characteristics for which we have no other term. I fail to see any analogy between aqueosity and that condition of matter we call vital or living. Aqueosity is not an activity, it is a property, the property of wetness; viscosity is a term to describe other conditions of matter; solidity, to describe still another condition; and opacity and transparency, to describe still others—as they affect another of our senses. But the vital activity in matter is a concrete reality. With it there goes the organizing tendency or impulse, and upon it hinges the whole evolutionary movement of the biological history of the globe. We can do all sorts of things with water—freeze it, boil it, evaporate it—and still keep its aqueosity. If we resolve it into its constituent gases we destroy its aqueosity, but by uniting these gases chemically we have the wetness back again. But if a body loses its vitality, its life, can we by the power of chemistry, or any other power within our reach, bring the vitality back to it? Can we make the dead live? You may bray your living body is a mortar, destroy every one of its myriad cells, and yet you may not extinguish the last spark of life; the protoplasm is still living. But boil it or bake it and the vitality is gone, and all the art and science of mankind cannot bring it back again. Of course life is dependent at all times upon the physical and chemical properties of the matter with which it is associated, but do these properties or activities tell the whole story about a living body? The physical and chemical activities remain after the vital activities have ceased. Do we not then have to supply a non-chemical, a non-physical force or factor to account for the living body? Is there no difference between the growth of a plant or an animal, and the increase in size of a sand-bank or a snow-bank, or a river delta? or between the wear and repair of a working-man's body and the wear and repair of the machine he drives? Excretion and secretion are not in the same

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categories. The living and the non-living mark off the two grand divisions of matter in the world in which we live, as no two terms merely descriptive of chemical and physical phenomena ever can. Life is a motion in matter, but of another order from that of the physico-chemical, though inseparable from it. We may forego the convenient term "vital force." Modern science shies at the term "force." We must have force or energy or pressure of some kind to lift dead matter up into the myriad forms of life, though in the last analysis of it it may all date from the sun. When it builds a living body, we call it a vital force; when it builds a gravel-bank, or moves a glacier, we call it a mechanical force; when it writes a poem or composes a symphony, we call it a psychic force—all distinctions which we cannot well dispense with, though of the ultimate reality for which these terms stand we can know little. In the latest science heat and light are not substances, though electricity is. They are peculiar motions in matter which give rise to sensations in certain living bodies that we name light and heat, as another peculiar motion in matter gives rise to a sensation we call sound. Life is another kind of motion in certain aggregates of matter—more mysterious or inexplicable than all others because it cannot be described in terms of the others, and because it defies the art and science of man to reproduce.

Though the concepts "vital force" and "life principle" have no standing in the court of modern biological science, it is interesting to observe how often recourse is had by biological writers to terms that embody the same idea. Thus the German physiologist, Verworn, the determined enemy of the old conception of life, in his great work on *Irritability*, has recourse to "the specific energy of living substances." One is forced to believe that without this "specific energy" his "living substances" would never have arisen out of the non-living.

Professor Moore of Liverpool University, while discussing the term "vital force," invents a new phrase, "biotic energy," to explain the same phenomena. Surely a force by any other name is no more and no less potent. Both Verworn and Moore feel the need, as we all do, of some term, or terms, by which to explain that activity in matter which we call vital. Other writers have referred to "a peculiar power of synthesis" in plants and animals, which the inanimate forms do not possess.

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Sir Ray Lankester, to whom I have already referred in discussing this subject, helps himself out by inventing, not a new force, but a new substance in which he fancies "resides the peculiar property of living matter." He calls this hypothetical substance "plasmogen," and thinks of it as an ultimate chemical compound hidden in protoplasm. Has this "ultimate molecule of life" any more scientific or philosophical validity than the old conception of a vital force? It looks very much like another name for the same thing—an attempt to give the mind something to take hold of in dealing with the mystery of living things. This imaginary "life-stuff" of the British scientist is entirely beyond the reach of chemical analysis; no man has ever seen it or proved its existence. In fact it is simply an invention of Sir Ray Lankester to fill a break in the sequence of observed phenomena. Something seems to possess the power of starting or kindling that organizing activity in a living body, and it seems to me it matters little whether we call it "plasmogen," or a "life principle," or "biotic energy," or what not; it surely leavens the loaf. Matter takes on new activities under its influence. Lankester thinks his plasmogen came into being in early geologic ages, and that the conditions which led to its formation have probably never recurred. Whether he thinks its formation was merely a chance hit or not, he does not say.

We see matter all about us, acted upon by the mechanico-chemical forces, that never takes on any of the distinctive phenomena of living bodies. Yet Verworn is convinced that if we could bring the elements of a living body together as Nature does, in the same order and proportion, and combine them in the selfsame way, or bring about the vital conditions, a living being would result. Undoubtedly. It amounts to saying that if we had Nature's power we could do what she does. *If* we could marry the elements as she does, and bless the banns as she seems to, we could build a man out of a clay-bank. But clearly physics and chemistry alone, as we know and practise them, are not equal to the task.

III

One of the fundamental characteristics of life is power of adaptation; it will adapt itself to almost any condition; it is willing and accommodating. It is like a stream that can be turned into various channels; the gall insects turn it into

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channels to suit their ends when they sting the leaf of a tree or the stalk of a plant, and deposit an egg in the wound. "Build me a home and a nursery for my young," says the insect. "With all my heart," says the leaf, and forthwith forgets its function as a leaf, and proceeds to build up a structure, often of great delicacy and complexity, to house and cradle its enemy. The current of life flows on blindly and takes any form imposed upon it. But in the case of the vegetable galls it takes life to control life. Man cannot produce these galls by artificial means. But we can take various mechanical and chemical liberties with embryonic animal life in its lower sea-forms. Professor Loeb has fertilized the eggs of sea-urchins by artificial means: The eggs of certain forms may be made to produce twins by altering the constitution of the sea-water, and the twins can be made to grow together so as to produce monstrosities by another chemical change in the sea-water. The eyes of certain fish embryos may be fused into a single cyclopean eye by adding magnesium chloride to the water in which they live. Loeb says, "It is *a priori* obvious that an unlimited number of pathological variations might be produced by a variation in the concentration and constitution of the sea-water, and experience confirms this statement." It has been found that when frog's eggs are turned upside down and compressed between two glass plates for a number of hours, some of the eggs give rise to twins. Professor Morgan found that if he destroyed half of a frog's egg after the first segmentation, the remaining half gave rise to half an embryo, but that if he put the half-egg upside down, and compressed it between two glass plates, he got a perfect embryo frog of half the normal size. Such things show how plastic and adaptive life is. Dr. Carrel's experiments with living animal tissue immersed in a proper mother-liquid illustrates how the vital process—cell multiplication—may be induced to go on and on, blindly, aimlessly, for an almost indefinite time. The cells multiply, but they do not organize themselves into a constructive community and build an organ or any purposeful part. They may be likened to a lot of blind masons piling up brick and mortar without any architect to direct their work or furnish them a plan. A living body of the higher type is not merely an association of cells; it is an association and co-operation of communities of cells, each community working to a definite end and building an har-

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monious whole. The biochemist who would produce life in the laboratory has before him the problem of compounding matter charged with this organizing tendency or power, and doubtless if he ever should evoke this mysterious process through his chemical reactions, it would possess this power, as this is what distinguishes the organic from the inorganic.

I do not see mind or intelligence in the inorganic world in the sense in which I see it in the organic. In the heavens one sees power, vastness, sublimity, unspeakable, but one sees only the physical laws working on a grander scale than on the earth. Celestial mechanics do not differ from terrestrial mechanics, however tremendous and imposing the result of their activities. But in the humblest living thing—in a spear of grass by the roadside, in a gnat, in a flea—there lurks a greater mystery. In an animate body, however small, there abides something of which we get no trace in the vast reaches of astronomy, a kind of activity that is incalculable, indeterminate, and super-mechanical, not lawless, but making its own laws, and escaping from the iron necessity that rules in the inorganic world.

Our mathematics and our science can break into the circle of the celestial and the terrestrial forces, and weigh and measure and separate them, and in a degree understand them; but the forces of life defy our analysis as well as our synthesis.

Knowing as we do all the elements that make up the body and brain of a man, all the physiological processes, and all the relations and interdependence of his various organs, and if, in addition, we knew all his inheritances, his whole ancestry back to the primordial cells from which he sprang, and if we also knew that of every person with whom he comes in contact and who influences his life, could we forecast his future, predict the orbit in which his life would revolve, indicate its eclipses, its perturbations, and the like, as we do that of an astronomic body? or could we foresee his affinities and combinations as we do that of a chemical body? Had we known any of the animal forms in his line of ascent, could we have foretold man as we know him to-day? Could we have foretold the future of any form of life from its remote beginnings? Would our mathematics and our chemistry have been of any avail in our dealing with such a problem? Biology is not in the same category with geology and astronomy. In the inorganic world, chemical

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affinity builds up and pulls down. It integrates the rocks and, under changed conditions, it disintegrates them. In the organic world chemical affinity is equally active, but it plays a subordinate part. It neither builds up nor pulls down. Vital activities, if we must shun the term "vital force," do both. Barring accidents, the life of all organism is terminated by other organisms—micro-organisms and their bodies reduced to dust by the same agents. In the order of nature, life destroys life, and compounds destroy compounds. When the air and soil and water hold no invisible living germs, organic bodies never decay. It is not the heat that sets putrefaction, but germs in the air. Sufficient heat kills the germs, but what disintegrates the germs and reduces them to dust? Other still smaller organisms? and so on *ad infinitum?* Does the sequence of life have no end? The destruction of one chemical compound means the formation of other chemical compounds; chemical affinity cannot be annulled, but the activity we call vital is easily arrested. A living body can be killed, but a chemical body can only be changed into another chemical body. As we said we can do all sorts of things with water—freeze it, vaporize it, and separate it into its constituent gases, oxygen and hydrogen—but we cannot destroy the essential activity of its elements, as we can those of a living body.

The least of living things, I repeat, holds a more profound mystery than all our astronomy and our geology hold. It introduces us to activities which our mathematics do not help us to deal with. Our science can describe the processes of a living body, and name all the material elements that enter into it, but it cannot tell us in what the peculiar activity consists, or just what it is that differentiates living matter from non-living. Its analysis reveals no difference. But this difference consists in something beyond the reach of chemistry and of physics; it is active intelligence, the power of self-direction, of self-adjustment, of self-maintenance, of adapting means to an end. It is notorious that the hand cannot always cover the flea; this atom has will, and knows the road to safety. Behold what our bodies know over and above what we know. There is a chemist at work in the body who proceeds precisely like the chemist in his laboratory; they might both have graduated at the same school. Thus the chemist in the laboratory is accustomed to dissolve the substance which is to be used in an experiment to react

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on other substances. The chemical course in living cells is the same. All substances destined for reactions are first dissolved. No compound is taken up in living cells before it is dissolved. Digestion is essentially identical with dissolving or bringing into a liquid state. On the other hand, when the chemist wishes to preserve a living substance from chemical change, he transfers it from a state of solution into a solid state. The chemist in the living body does the same thing. Substances which are to be stored up, such as starch, fat, or protein bodies, are deposited in insoluble form, ready to be dissolved and used whenever wanted for the life processes. Poisonous substances are eliminated from living bodies by the same process of precipitation. Oxalic acid is a product of oxidation in living cells, and has strong poisonous properties. To get rid of it, the chemist inside the body, by the aid of calcium salts, forms insoluble compounds of it, and thus casts it out. To separate substances from each other by filtration, or by shaking with suitable liquids, is one of the daily tasks of the chemist. Analogous processes occur regularly in living cells. Again, when the chemist wishes to finish his filtration quickly, he uses filters which have a large surface. "In living protoplasms, this condition is very well fulfilled by the foam-like structure which affords an immense surface in a very small space." In the laboratory the chemist mixes his substances by stirring. The body chemist achieves the same result by the streaming of protoplasm. The cells know what they want, and how to attain it, as clearly as the chemist does. The intelligence of the living body, or what we must call such for want of a better term, is shown in scores of ways—by the means it takes to protect itself against microbes, by the anti-toxins that it forms. Indeed, if we knew all that our bodies know, what mysteries would be revealed to us!

Life goes up-stream—goes against the tendency to a static equilibrium in matter; decay and death go down. What is it in the body that struggles against poisons and seeks to neutralize their effects? What is it that protects the body against a second attack of certain diseases, making it immune? Chemical changes, undoubtedly, but what brings about the chemical changes? The body is a *colony* of living units called cells, that behaves much like a colony of insects when it takes measures to protect itself against its enemies. The body forms anti-toxins when it has to. It

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knows how to do it as well as bees know how to ventilate the hive, or how to seal up or entomb the grub of an invading moth. Indeed, how much the act of the body, in encysting a bullet in its tissues, is like the act of the bees in encasing with wax a worm in the combs!

What is that in the body which at great altitudes increases the number of red corpuscles in the blood, those oxygen-bearers, so as to make up for the lessened amount of oxygen breathed by reason of the rarity of the air? Under such conditions, the amount of hemaglobin is almost doubled. I do not call this thing a force; I call it an intelligence—the intelligence that pervades the body and all animate nature, and does the right thing at the right time. We no doubt speak too loosely of it when we say that it prompts or causes the body to do this, or to do that; it *is* the body; the relation of the two has no human analogy; the two are one.

On the threshold of the world of living organisms stands that wonderful minute body, the cell, the unit of life—a piece of self-regulating and self-renewing mechanism that holds the key to all the myriads of living forms that fill the world, from the amœba up to man. For chemistry to produce the cell is apparently as impossible as for it to produce a bird's egg, or a living flower, or the heart and brain of man. The body is a communal state made up of myriads of cells that all work together to build up and keep going the human personality. There is the same cooperation and division of labor that takes place in the civic state, and in certain insect communities. As in the social and political organism, thousands of the citizen cells die every day and new cells of the same kind take their place. Or, it is like an army in battle being constantly recruited—as fast as a soldier falls another takes his place, till the whole army is changed, and yet remains the same. The waste is greatest at the surface of the body through the skin, and through the stomach and lungs. The worker cells, namely, the tissue cells, like the worker bees in the hive, pass away the most rapidly; then, according to Haeckel, there are certain constants, certain cells that remain throughout life. "There is always a solid groundwork of conservative cells, the descendants of which secure the further regeneration." The traditions of the state are kept up by the citizen-cells that remain, so that, though all is changed in time, the genius

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of the state remains; the individuality of the man is not lost. "The sense of personal identity is maintained across the flight of molecules," just as it is maintained in the state or nation, by the units that remain, and by the established order. There is an unwritten constitution, a spirit that governs, like Maeterlinck's "spirit of the hive." The traditions of the body are handed down from mother cell to daughter cell, though just what that means in terms of physiology or metabolism I do not know. But this we know —that you are you and I am I, and that human life and personality can never be fully explained or accounted for in terms of the material forces.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

Back I go to my wilderness, where, as you perceive, I have contracted the habit of listening to my own voice more than is good.

It ought to have been Henry James who said it, but it was Meredith, a far less guilty man. For with Meredith the "wilderness" was not, after all, so very inaccessible. It was no real solitude, but rather that hinterland of larger natures where at first a few build huts and assert the irritating kind of squatter sovereignty known as a literary "cult," but where almost any of us may comfortably settle down afterwards. And in Meredith's so-called obscurity there is always matter that stretches the mind and you always find a human companionship. But in the pursuit of James our difficulty is often merely verbal. Nobody blames him for fleeing the obvious and the banal even into the wilderness, but he ought not to write the English language like the pelican. It is not oddity or depth of thought that cuts him off from the minds of men in the following passage from *The Golden Bowl,* for example:

Mrs. Rance at least controlled practically each other license of the present and the near future; the license to stop remembering for a little, that, though if proposed to—and not only by this aspirant but by any other—he wouldn't prove foolish, the proof of wisdom was none the less, in such a fashion, rather cruelly conditioned; the license in especial to proceed from his letters to his journals and insulate, orientate, himself afresh by the sound, over his gained interval, of the many-mouthed monster, the exercise of whose lungs he so constantly stimulated.

The situation described here is not complex and the thought is not subtle. After reading it twice with the context the meaning is clear, and no doubt the thoughts of this eligible millionaire on being interrupted on Sunday morning by a visit from a woman are quite accurately presented, but

[1] *Notes of a Son and Brother.* By Henry James. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York: 1914.

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why should it be necessary to read it twice, and, after all, is the game worth the candle? The present reviewer, slavish Jacobite though he be, must own to some misgivings. This and many other pages of his later books read like very awkward first draughts, mere drag-nets of material. They throw insignificant processes of mind out of perspective, and include details the bare mention of which misleads by a sense of importance. He flattens himself like a woodtick in the mental tissues of his characters and can give you no idea of what in general their minds are like. His characters resemble one another because they are all pulverized, and one hour of their lives seems as good as another. Probably no other man ever so misled by minutiæ. And the sense of finesse we gain from it is, I believe, quite often an illusion. For if the simplest person in the world could keep an absolutely accurate thought diary for half an hour it would surely make a very intricate and subtle narrative. With Henry James we have a sense of getting into people too far —not into their spirits, but into their brain cells—and we feel rather like a bacillus. That is why I think even the warmest admirer of Henry James must have at times a coarse hankering for exteriors, a sort of homesickness for legs and arms.

Nevertheless, by the drag-net method many strange and shining things are brought to the surface along with the great quantities of sand, and he often atones for disappointing us by exceeding, in the most delightful way, our expectations. Nor is this matter of undue intimacy and indiscriminate detail the chief source of our difficulty in his last two volumes. In *A Small Boy and Others,* and *Notes of a Son and Brother*, as well as in the earlier *American Scene,* the confusion arises, I think, from a certain syntactical peculiarity. He takes a strictly personal and private view of the functions of a sentence. He does not regard a sentence as a convenient and, if possible, a grammatical means of conveying a thought from one mind to another. He regards it primarily as a trunk to pack with his own intellectual belongings. He knows where to put them and he can find them again, if you cannot, so what does he care? Coolly, and with the key in his waistcoat pocket, he goes off leaving you to deal with this:

> The truth was that acute, that quite desperate receptivity set in for me, under a law of its own—may really be described as having quite raged for

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me—from the moment our general face by the restless parental decree (born not a little of parental homesickness and reinforced by a theory of that complaint on our part, we having somehow in Europe "no companions," none but mere parents themselves), had been turned again to the quarter in which there would assuredly be welcomes and freedoms and unchecked appropriations, not to say also cousins, of both sexes and of a more and more engaging time of life, cousins kept and tended and adorned for us in our absence, together with the solicitation of possible, though oh so just barely possible, habitats before which the range of Europe paled; but which, nevertheless, to my aching fancy, meant premature abdication, sacrifice, and, in one dreadful word, failure.

This follows in *Notes of a Son and Brother* an elusive but charming picture of his life at the Bonn Gymnasium, where he studied for a time with his younger brother Wilky, under the charge of "good Herr Doctor Humpert," who smiled upon them "as if unseen forefingers of great force had been inserted for the widening of his mouth at the corners." He was madly enamoured of "impressions" even then, if we may believe him, was consumed indeed by a lust for type, character, and the "social scene" that could have left him no vestige of a natural human youth. There is indeed no hint in what he says of himself, either in this book or the earlier, that he ever was that raw and simple thing, a boy, and one would suppose that he had gone through life as a gradually expanding literary synthesis, were it not for a letter of William James which refers to his wrestling with his brother Wilky. At the age of six, to judge from his own account in *A Small Boy and Others,* he must have been chiefly engaged in collecting "material" to be used afterward in *The Golden Bowl.*

At Bonn there were three or four German youths—

as to whom I could somehow but infer that they were, each in his particular way, inordinately gothic—which they had to be to supply to my mind a relation, or a substitute for a relation, with them; whereas my younger brother, without a scrap of view of them, a grain of theory or of formula, tumbled straight into their confidence all round. Our aim for *him* was by just so much life as it couldn't have dreamed of being culture, and he was so far right that when the son of the house and its only child, the slim and ardent Theodor, who figured to me but as a case of such classic sensibility, of the Lieder or the Werther sort, as might have been, with the toss of a yellow lock or the gleam of a green blouse, an image for an Uhland or a Heine stanza, had imparted to him an intention of instant suicide under some resentment of parental misconception, he had been able to use dissuasion, or otherwise the instinct of then most freely fraternizing, with a success to which my relish for so romantic a stroke as charmingly in Theodor's character and setting mightn't at all have attained.

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Through the blur of words you can make out many delightful figures who gain a certain color of romance from the vagueness—John La Farge, "leaning much forward with his protuberant and over-glazed, his doubting yet all-seizing vision"; Mary and Robert Temple and others, and of course and above all the gracious forms of his brother William, and his father, the elder Henry James. The two last-named are described in language fairly idolatrous, and yet from their letters and bits of talk that he reproduces there seems a warrant for it. Their wonderful understanding of one another, their humane expressiveness, freedom of mind, variety, and vigor of interest, disdain of narrow limits and false constraints, are illustrated in these charming letters. It is a pity he could not have quoted more of them. In the James household we can see the beginning of that conversational divination which Henry James afterward sublimated in his novels.

"Yes, I see, we hang essentially together."

His friend had a shrug—a shrug that had a grace. "Cosa volete?" The effect, beautifully, nobly, was more than Roman. "Ah, beyond doubt, it's a case."

He stood looking at her. "It's a case. There can't," he said, "have been many."

"Perhaps, never, never any other. That," she smiled, "I confess I should like to think. Only ours."

If any group of shadow-casting persons ever did approximately talk like that, they were to be found probably under the James roof-tree.

He has preserved too few of the verbal flashes of the elder James, who said, for example, of Emerson, "Oh, you man without a *handle!* Shall one never be able to help himself out of you, according to his needs, and be dependent only upon your fitful tippings-up?" which is something more than whimsical in its criticism of a philosopher who had been warned at the age of three against the danger of being like anybody else. It was a maiden aunt, I believe, who urged him even as an infant to be "for ever disunited from traveling with the souls of other men," and so set him early on the path of mental asymptosy. The elder James's picture of Carlyle was still less flattering:

Carlyle is the same old sausage, fizzing and sputtering in his own grease, only infinitely *more* unreconciled to the blest Providence which guides human affairs.

F. M. Colby.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN GERMANY. By WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1914.

It may as well be said at once that Mr. Dawson's excellent description and analysis of the exceedingly rapid progress made by Germany since 1871 throws little direct light upon the causes of the great struggle now raging in Europe. In fact, the author, in common with other calm-minded observers, seems to have regarded any plunge into warfare by the Germans as in the highest degree unlikely. "No wilful disturbance of the world's peace," he wrote, "need be apprehended from them, for the economic conquests upon which their mind is set can only be achieved by peaceful methods, and this they know far better than some of the rivals whose trade they are capturing." It was the desire of the German tax-payer, he supposed, simply to *have*, rather than to *use*, the Empire's vast army and formidable navy. On the other hand, it is true that Germany has been facing a very serious problem due to the enormous increase of her population. So great, indeed, has been this increase that the German authority is called conservative who estimated that by the year 1925 the population of the Empire would be eighty millions, or nearly twice what it was when Bismarck declared that territorial expansion had gone far enough. Nor is Germany by any means self-supporting. Statistics show that during the years from 1895 to 1900 the corn-growers of the country were able to supply only 92.6 per cent. of the nation's needs in rye, and 73.7 per cent. in wheat and spelt. During more recent years Germany has had to import from one and three-quarters to two million tons of wheat, while the deficit in rye averaged nearly half a million tons in the years 1902–1905. Yet for this disproportion between the growth of population and the increase of production no permanent relief is to be found, maintains Mr. Dawson, in mere extension of Germany's European boundaries. "Whatever reality there may be in the ideals and efforts of the Pan-Germanic movement," he says emphatically, "Pan-Germanism offers no solution of this population problem." The real remedies are, in his opinion, either the creation of colonies affording outlets for such population as cannot be maintained at home, or the acquisition of new markets which shall be able to receive an enormously increased industrial output in exchange for food.

At some future time it may be that we shall attain to a full understanding of the motives which animated the several European nations participating in the present conflict; it is not easy to deduce these from anything that the economists and political scientists have told us thus far. On the other hand, those who have permitted themselves to generalize about the national temper of various peoples have given us impressions that seem to

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be at least in part confirmed. Mr. Dawson generalizes cautiously, but he knows how to put his impressions into vivid and accurate language. The spirit of Germany, he points out, has undergone a complete change since the days when Goethe and Schiller, Kant and Fichte, were its prophets; and the outcome of this change he sums up in the expression "force-worship." In politics, literature, architecture, everywhere, this newer spirit has been at work. "Wherever one looks in Germany at the present day one sees the assertion, on a grandiose scale, of an endeavor after sheer mastery—in the struggle with natural forces which has been carried on with such wonderful perseverance and deserved success, in the strengthening of the imperialistic spirit, in the irresistible advance of industry and commerce, in the striving after an inviolable military power, in the eager and jealous glances which are now being turned to the sea. In all these things the underlying thought is the thought of *subdual,* and subdual is the spirit of modern Germany, now in the first blush of a new life, its capacities still but partially developed, its resources but partially discovered."

Of course it would be as absurd to find fault with Mr. Dawson for not having foreseen the war as it would be to censure a geologist for failing to predict the occurrence of an earthquake. The great *débâcle* in no way affects the truth of his conclusions, which are based upon severe analysis and thorough research. His book is perhaps the best modern treatise in English upon Germany as a whole, and especially as an instance of economic development. It is a work unusual both for depth of thought and breadth of view; it is well proportioned, not too long, and as readable as the nature of the subject-matter, which necessarily includes a great mass of statistics, permits. The topics discussed embrace foreign trade and shipping, capital and labor, state enterprises, agriculture and industry, the population question, colonies, German socialism, and the Polish question.

To begin with, Mr. Dawson warns us against the common error of confusing Germany with Prussia. Both politically and socially the north of Germany differs markedly from the south. The "three-class system" of elections, the scientifically rigid, bureaucratic administration, the reactionary education laws, anti-coalition laws, Polish colonization laws—these and the corresponding tone of severity in social life are characteristically Prussian, not German. The southern states, inferior as they are to Prussia in material wealth and advancement, in the capability of their internal administrations, and in efficiency of military discipline, surpass her to an equal degree in political thought and institutions. And in the south one finds a corresponding difference in the character of the people; instead of austerity, the prevailing spirit is one of *Gemüthlichkeit.* "No one," remarks the author, would ever imagine a North German to be *gemüthlich,* and no one would ever imagine a South German to be anything else." Then, too, in the north itself there is a sharp distinction between the industrial west, where are found at their busiest most of the industries to which Germany owes its modern wealth, and the agricultural east, divided into large estates, lacking any real self-government, and politically reactionary. This, by way of introduction to a discussion that is after all topical rather than territorial in plan.

To an Englishman no question could well be more interesting than that concerning the causes of German success in competition with English trade. Mr. Dawson finds several interesting reasons for this success, reasons which have as much to do with method and national temper as with economic

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conditions. In the first place, the fact should not be overlooked that Germany is "still in the first generation of its great industrialists," and is drawing upon unexhausted resources. Further, the less pretentious style of living that prevails in Germany as compared with other countries tends to lower the cost of production, though in later years the cost of living has advanced there as elsewhere. In scientific method, too, and in the adaptation of inventions and newly discovered processes the German industrialist has been far more progressive than his English rival. He early recognized the business value of chemistry, the neglect of which has inflicted upon English industry an irreparable loss. Finally, the personal equation counts enormously. The German merchant has always studied the needs of his customers and striven to give them exactly what they demanded. He has wooed trade through personal representation rather than by post, and he has devoted himself to his business with a single-minded earnestness. "In Germany trade is a passion. There is no disposition to be ashamed of it or to give it a secondary place; it is not an incident in a man's life, a variant on pleasure and sport, but the chief, primary, absorbing concern."

In Germany's economic development the principle of public enterprise has undoubtedly assisted in a pre-eminent degree—this is a point which Mr. Dawson makes emphatic. "Germany," he says pointedly, "is supposed to be a nation of theorists, England a land of practical men; yet the doctrinarianism which made a fetish of individualism originated in the land of practical men; the land of theorists accepted both individualism and socialization just for what they are intrinsically worth, and made an idol of neither." One benefit that has resulted from this frame of mind has been the enormous improvement that has taken place in the German railways since their nationalization, an improvement probably due more to the efficient and uniform management exercised by state officials than to any other cause. Very likely, the author admits, this may have little direct bearing upon the question of public or private ownership of railways in other lands; but by the same token it is fallacious to attribute to the state railway system censurable peculiarities which have their true explanation in German characteristics.

Between capital and labor the relationship is one of extreme tension, and in some cases of extreme bitterness. On the one hand there are syndicates, more law-abiding perhaps than our trusts, but hardly less powerful; on the other hand there are labor-unions which are just learning their power. In late years these unions have materially advanced the cause of the working-man in spite of laws against combination which have proved, indeed, less severe in practice than their letter would lead one to expect. The unions have been helped by a labor press which is said to shine by contrast with most cheap German publications. It is interesting to note, too, that socialism is fast losing its hold upon the German workman. Its whole theory has been weakened by the growth of a prosperous middle class, whose existence demonstrates the untruth of the notion that the poor must ever become poorer and the rich richer. Recently the Socialist party has shown a disposition to co-operate with other groups equally interested in the welfare of the people.

Those conditions which have brought about in Germany, within the last twenty or twenty-five years, a conflict between agriculture and industry more acute than in most other countries afford an interesting study, depending upon a multitude of interlocked facts which cannot well be under-

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stood apart from the close and many-sided relationship in which the author has placed them. The upshot of the matter is that agrarian interests really require some sort of protection; the policy of *laissez faire* cannot stand. On this principle all parties are practically agreed, differing only as to means and degree. The associated problem of the scarcity of rural labor would certainly be more easy of solution if it were not for the obstinate unprogressiveness of the large landholders. The smaller farmers have strongly evinced the ancient German disposition to combine for mutual benefit. Indeed, the co-operative societies, both agricultural and industrial, have grown to such an extent that their members constitute at the lowest estimate one-fifteenth of the whole population.

That Germany in later years has had reason to be concerned over a declining birth-rate is perhaps not generally understood; yet the statistics show that since 1876 the decline has been steady. The highest figure before the war in 1870 was 38 per 1,000; in 1876 a maximum of 41 was reached; but by 1905 the rate had sunk to 33. Though the effect of this notable diminution in the percentage of births has been largely offset by a concurrent decrease in the general death-rate, infant mortality has given cause for alarm. To this latter problem the German Government has applied itself with energy and success, wisely endeavoring to deal with the population question in the cradle. Infant dispensaries, public regulation of the milk-supply, care for children of illegitimate birth, the protection of mothers, child-labor laws—these, with other direct and thorough remedies, have more than justified themselves. Yet success in this direction has made the other phase of the population problem all the more urgent; and when we come to examine the most obvious remedy—colonies—we find the impression confirmed that the German is a bad colonizer. Except, perhaps, in trade he has always been less happy in his dealings with men than with material things, and his ineptitude in the latter respect finds an illustration near home in his difficulties with the Poles. For years Germany has been trying to make good Poles into bad Germans, with the result that the Poles are irreconcilable. Similarly in dealing with peoples across the sea Germany has proved less apt than England or France. Moreover, the best territories for colonization have been pre-empted. As some one pithily said, Germany's healthy colonies are unfertile, and the fertile ones are unhealthy.

The price of imperialism as a whole is enormous, and the singular condition exists that while every party except the Social Democrats calls for an imperialistic policy, all with equal fervor complain of the cost. The Empire plainly needs more revenue, and there has been much embittered discussion over the question of direct *versus* indirect taxation. However, in spite of complaints and alarming figures, the country is (or was!) quite capable of supporting the burdens of imperialism. "The simple fact is," writes Mr. Dawson, "that the nation has committed itself to foreign undertakings and responsibilities without counting the cost; these enterprises are taxing its resources far beyond the measure to which it has become accustomed, and the outcry which has arisen is for the most part the outcry of the unthinking crowd, which always refuses to connect causes with effects or effects with causes."

On its interpretative side Mr. Dawson's book is illuminating to the general reader, while the well-ordered and definite facts which form the substratum of the work have scientific value of their own.

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THE MAKING OF THE NATIONS: SOUTH AMERICA. By W. H. KOEBEL. London: Adam & Charles Black, 1913.

Books which form part of a series, however vague the idea of that series may be, are supposed—one does not know just why—to strike the public mind with a greater weight of authority than do isolated volumes. Adventitious aid of this sort would seem to be needed in the case of Mr. W. H. Koebel's volume *South America* in the series called "The Making of the Nations" which Adam & Charles Black, of London, are publishing. To write of the making of nations—even South-American nations—is a somewhat serious task; a man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt. Yet there is internal evidence to show that Mr. Koebel has discharged this task, if conscientiously, yet with a regrettable indifference. Tokens of this are a dreary monotony in the cadences of his sentences and also certain uses of the King's English such as alert writers are wont to avoid. It is strange that in a work designed for instruction Mr. Koebel should write: "Although Columbus some years afterwards bitterly complained of the type of European whom he found at Hispaniola, there is no doubt that he himself was largely responsible for *their* presence." Again, when we read that "the thunder of such edicts, *worn out by the voyage*, died away ere they reached the islands," we have some difficulty in conceiving how thunder may suffer attrition as the result of a voyage. Less subtle but even more striking is the picture called up of the famous chief Lantaro receiving "his *baptism of spears* and of fire." Moreover, to speak of a man's "*obtaining* the worst of it," as Mr. Koeble does, seems wantonly to spoil a perfectly good idiom. Faults such as these would perhaps be tolerable if the style which they mar were only alive, as it might conceivably be, in spite of them. On the other hand, nothing except extreme weariness could well account for such a sentence as the following: "It is difficult to imagine a more callous or atrocious proceeding than this, *but* undoubtedly financial considerations lay at the bottom of it."

As to the substance of the book: Mr. Koebel has devoted far more space to a colorless résumé of the period of South-American conquest and colonization than will seem worth while especially to American readers. Most school texts contain crisper and more suggestive accounts of several of the persons and events he touches upon. The latter half of his narrative, which deals with the fortunes of individual South-American States, contains material not so easily accessible elsewhere. One sees that this part of the book might possess interest but for the unrefreshing style and the comparatively unideaed treatment.

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